The Nation.

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The Week.

A day was saved in securing some action for the relief of Cuba by the unexpected passage in the House on Monday of the bill repealing all the war taxes, without further debate. Representative Richardson, the leader of the Democratic minority, gave the majority a real surprise by his proposition not to waste time in a discussion which must have been purely academic and perfunctory, since the Republican managers would not allow even a chance for a vote on any amendment. The gross injustice of such methods could perhaps not be so clearly demonstrated by speeches of protest as by this somewhat spectacular method of showing the country how utterly the House has ceased to be a deliberative body. The real responsibility for defining the legislative policy of the Government regarding taxation is deliberately thrown by the lower branch of Congress upon the upper by this action. It is another of those steps by which the House is steadily abdicating influence and power. If the Republican managers in the lower branch propose to take the initiative in reducing the tariff on imports from Cuba, there is no longer any excuse for their delaying action. If, on the other hand, they propose to go on surrendering their prerogatives to the Senate, that branch can the more quickly put through some proposition and send it to the House for acceptance, according to what has become too much the custom. The essential thing is that, by one branch or other, something shall be done for the relief of Cuba at once. The nation is impatient with a Congress which has already sat for nearly three months without discharging the most pressing duty that was laid upon it.

Great has been the flutter caused by the German story that Lord Pauncefote, on April 14, 1898, drew up a note in terms that would have been offensive to the United States—an inconsiderate and dangerous action, which was only thwarted by wiser heads, more particularly those in charge of the German Foreign Office. We cannot greatly blame the Germans for saying that Lord Cranborne, in contradicting the story, came pretty near a verbal quibble in the first place, and then, to save himself, made a scapegoat of Lord Pauncefote. On February 11 Lord Cranborne said in the Commons that England had never, "through her Majesty's Ambassador or otherwise, proposed any declaration adverse to the action of the United States in Cuba." On February 14, apparently after hearing from Lord Pauncefote, the official statement was that he had acted "entirely on his own initiative." This is dangerously near Von Holleben's own phrase about the "initiative" of the British Ambassador. It leaves Lord Cranborne's first statement technically correct, but also leaves the British Foreign Office looking as if it did not quite know what its Ambassador had done "entirely on his own initiative." Such embarrassments are sure to follow when this undignified and irregular way of blurting out diplomatic secrets is fallen into. We quite agree with those English critics of the British Government who say that such half-revelations are wholly improper, and can lead only to international cross-purposes and ill feeling. In the nature of the case, a clean breast cannot be made, and the method of hint and innuendo and fragment ought not to be adopted by a diplomacy that thoroughly respects itself. Quite obviously, the Von Holleben dispatch was published less for the text than for the Kaiser's marginal comment, to the effect that the proposed note was "completely futile and purposeless." This falls pat with the imminence of Prince Henry's visit, and it shows that the German Ambassador and the Kaiser, in view of a desperate situation at Washington, took the wise and friendly course. It was natural that Germany should wish this to be known, and every American should be glad to know it.

But it behooves every American also to recall that every representative of a foreign Power at that memorable conference agreed that the intervention of this Government in Cuba was unjustifiable; that the dispatch of April 10 from the Spanish Foreign Minister had fully met all the demands of Congress, and completely "removed all legitimate cause for war." Right here is a strange anomaly. Every Ambassador at Washington knew of Señor Bernabé's frank and conciliatory note. Not a member of that Congress with which the issues of peace and war then rested had been informed of its *full* significance. Mr. McKinley in the White House knew from Gen. Woodford's dispatch of April 5, which he never communicated (nor was it published till three years had passed), that the basis for a fair adjustment existed; the State Department also knew it. Not another citizen of the United States knew what ought to have been proclaimed from the housetops—that Spain had yielded at nearly every point. It is a murky and disagreeable corner of our diplomatic history, upon which recent discussions of the ante-bellum negotiations have shed a more certain light. To say that England or Germany or any other Power was our friend at that time, means only that it recognized the hopelessness and the positive danger of interfering with a nation lashed to a fury by the sensational press.

Who shall depict the consequences of Secretary Long's speech at Boston on February 12, and especially its effect upon the Filipino mind? It was on the anniversary of Lincoln's birthday, and the Secretary was inspired by the occasion to say that our work of pacification and of instruction in self-government in the Philippines is the work not of a day but of a generation, and he continued in the following phrase:

> "When the time comes that the trust is executed and the ability of self-government is assured, then the question of their political status will be for the people of those islands themselves to decide. Whether they will walk alone and independent, or whether they will walk hand in hand with us as Canada walks with England, they—whoever they shall then be—will decide. And as England respects the wishes of Canada in this regard, so shall we then respect, and ought to respect, the wishes of the Philippines."

This is exactly the kind of talk that Gov. Taft and our chief military authorities, and eke Senator Platt of Connecticut, say is exciting the insurgents to fresh resistance, and undoing the work of our soldiers, and leading to more bloodshed. The Secretary has said in so many words that it will be for the Filipinos themselves to decide whether they shall be an independent nation or shall hold to us the relation that Canada holds to Great Britain. He takes the same position that President Schurman took in his recent address, except as to the time when the Filipinos shall decide the question. Between Secretary Long and Mr. Schurman there is no difference of principle, but only of the time when the Filipinos shall be really fit to govern themselves. Both say that, when they are fit for independence, they shall have it. Whenever such words are spoken by authority of the Government of the United States, the reign of real peace in the Philippines will begin.

Senator Hoar was in his best form in his debate last week with Senator Platt of Connecticut on Philippine affairs. The question under discussion—and the only one in which the American people take much interest—was whether the conditions in the so-called pacified provinces are due to the reconcilement of the inhabitants to American rule, or to the crushing force of our arms. Senator Platt pointed in a triumphant way to the fact that our forces had been reduced from 70,000 men to 40,000, and wanted to know whether that would have been possible if the people were still discontented. Mr. Hoar replied that the

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Filipinos had been disarmed, and that a people without arms might be just as hostile as before and yet seem to be pacified. It is well known that the practice of torture known as the "water cure" was put in force in the Philippines expressly to compel the natives to tell where their arms were hidden, and that it was successful in cases where all other means failed. It is not unlikely that a people who have been led to expect the "water cure" as the punishment for having arms, would have intervals of quiescence sufficient to warrant the belief among credulous people on the other side of the globe that they were really reconciled to their conquerors. How the pacification has been brought about was told by Gen. MacArthur in a pregnant paragraph of his final report:

> "The American army has, up to date, secured some 23,000 guns, and in all probability will secure several thousand more."

This is not pacification, but repression.

It is obvious that the decision regarding the Southern question which was reached by the caucus of the Republican Congressmen on Monday night means the abandonment of any serious effort to reduce the representation, in the House and in the electoral college, of States that have adopted Constitutions under which negro suffrage is restricted. A committee of eleven is to be appointed by the Speaker to examine the election laws of the several States and their enforcement, find whether the right of citizens to vote is denied or abridged, and report the results of its investigations. This outcome was accepted by Representatives who have advocated more radical action, while it is entirely satisfactory to Congressman Cannon and other veteran Republican leaders who are earnestly opposed to any attempt at legislation. The inquiry can do no harm, and the investigators themselves are likely to have a more realizing sense of the hopelessness of doing anything after they have studied the question than before.

Secretary Root's latest bill for the improvement of the army, sent to Congress on Friday last, contains by far the most important reforms of the many which have been urged by him since he entered the Cabinet. The bill provides for a large number of changes, but the significant ones are those consolidating the supply departments and creating a general staff. The reforms that Secretary Root has thus far been able to bring about have made for the modernization of different parts of the military organization, such as bringing staff and line into closer touch, and introducing the three-battalion system for the infantry as well as the cavalry. But the greatest deficiency in the army since 1870 has been the absence of a set of officers to plan for the future—to be, as in European armies, the eyes, the ears, and the brains of the service. The necessity for such a staff was made patent to the world by Von Moltke; the need has been officially recognized in this country only since Secretary Root took office; the Spanish war having demonstrated, even to the most partisan mind, the antiquated character of the American military machine.

Under Secretary Root's plan the "General Staff Corps" will consider the military policy of the country, and prepare comprehensive plans for the national defence and for the mobilization of the military forces in times of war." It is also to have supervision of the coöperation of army and navy, of plans of campaign, of the securing and utilization of military information, of the system of army education, armament, equipment, etc. The consolidation of the existing staff departments is still further carried on by the gradual amalgamation of the Inspector-General's Department and the general staff, and the assumption of the duty of inspection by the new body. When the general staff has been created, the officers of the Adjutant-General's Department, now under Gen. Corbin's leadership—the most important part of the staff—will return to their proper positions as military clerks pure and simple. The head of the general staff is to be a lieutenant-general, and after Gen. Miles's retirement in 1903 this officer is to be selected from the generals of the army by the President for a period of four years. The rest of the general staff will comprise one major-general, one brigadier-general, four colonels, six lieutenant-colonels, twelve majors, and twelve captains, all likewise serving for four years, and then returning to their permanent positions in line or staff. It is characteristic of the simplicity of Secretary Root's reforms that the bill does not call for any additional expense, except such as is required for the construction of a home for the general staff at Washington Barracks.

Senator Hanna, in the guise of a "successful merchant," rises to protest against the removal of the war taxes. That surplus in the till has no terrors for him. On the contrary, he dreads lest there be a deficit after all the appropriations for an Isthmian canal and "other great projects" (*scilicet* ship subsidies) are made. Coming down to particulars, he asks if it would be wise to "repeal the beer tax, to the neglect of the American merchant marine." Of course, Senator Hanna is a friend of beer. It would not be "wise," in his sense of wisdom—the political sense—for him not to be. But it is another kind of "schooner" that holds his warmest devotion. If the "oceans of beer" which the prohibitionists see in their excited imaginations were only real, and Mr. Hanna could arrange to have subsidized ships carry the American flag over those foaming billows, he could develop a beautiful theory of community of interest between himself and what he somewhat disparagingly calls "the brewing interests." As it is, however, he thinks that the brewers are getting more of the Treasury surplus than the subsidy beggars, and hence his angry protest against a manifest injustice.

We welcome the shoddy-dealers to the ranks of the free-traders. They have blundered into the procession, to be sure, and their banner carries a protectionist device, but the laughter which they will create all along the line will be worth many an argument. Funnier still, they must stay with the free-traders or march by themselves. The protectionists will have none of them, with their opposition to Representative Grosvenor's bill for the labelling of woollen goods as all wool or part shoddy. Such a measure, say the shoddy-dealers, would ruin their business, and it is quite a business, too—large enough to organize itself into the National Association of Cotton and Wool Waste and Shoddy-Dealers, and strong enough to petition Congress for protection to its interests. And why, Mr. Grosvenor and the Ohio shepherds may be asked, should it not be protected? Is it not a domestic industry, and is it not more worthy of the title "infant industry" than the woollen business? Besides, we must have shoddy, if Grosvenor *et al.* will not let us have wool, and we prefer it without the disquieting label. If it must be labelled, however, how would "Made in America" do?

Prince Henry's coming will bring out one striking advantage of a reform Administration, that of having a Mayor and officers who represent the city creditably. For four years past the Mayor of the city has rarely represented New York as New York deserved to be represented. The boorishness which the late Mayor possibly simulated for political effect, was bitterly resented, and contributed doubtless to his crushing defeat. His feeling was a little that of the genial and exuberant Congressman from Kentucky, who, in his imagination, "boots out" Secretaries of State and orders back foreign ambassadors. "We have made ourselves a laughing stock at every court in Europe," says Congressman Wheeler, "because of our flunkyism, our *truculency*, and the disgraceful sycophancy of the representatives of the republic at the feet of Great Britain." Let us pause a moment upon that beautiful word *truculency* by which the Congressman so aptly and originally describes the grovelling abasement of Mr. Hay at the Court of St. James. We want

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no "truculency" in the Kentucky sense. It is a laughable and an odious thing. But "truculency" in the unadorned dictionary sense is also a ridiculous thing, and hardly less contemptible. That kind has been more than once shown at the City Hall to distinguished guests of the city. It is matter for genuine rejoicing that neither kind of "truculency" will be seen at the City Hall during the present Administration. Prince Henry, or any other distinguished foreign guest, will receive from Mayor Low the most democratic of welcomes—the welcome which one gentleman gives another. This, in spite of old-school Tammany politicians and golden-tongued Kentucky Congressmen, is the American way of greeting an obscure or a titled guest.

A much needed amendment to the city charter, covering the appointment of architects for city work, has been introduced at Albany, and should be promptly passed. The Davis bill simply applies to the choice of architects the well-tried principle of an eligible list. The Fine Arts Federation, an institution of high professional standing, is to designate one hundred architects who, in its judgment, are competent to do work for the city. From this list the Mayor is to select fifty, and during his term no building for the city shall be intrusted to any architect not on this second list. We understand, however, that the fact of such a list would not prevent the holding of open architectural competitions, whenever that method should seem desirable. Non-residents, as well as residents, may be nominated by the Federation and the Mayor, which insures, or rather permits, a sufficient catholicity of selection. The object of the amendment is simply to obtain a reasonable standard of architectural merit in public buildings, and to make impossible the rising up of new Horgans and Slatterys. With these objects all good citizens and the Legislature cannot fail to be in sympathy.

The figures of the country's foreign trade in January are really extraordinary. To understand their meaning, it should be noticed that, in the full calendar year 1901, our exports of manufactured goods decreased $46,000,000, and of other non-agricultural products, $4,000,000, but that an increase of $35,000,000 in agricultural experts offset much the greater part of these declines. That such an increase in products of agriculture should have occurred, in the face of $34,000,000 shrinkage in corn exports, was remarkable enough, and was due solely to the very large increase in the outward movement of our wheat. Now, as it happened, wheat exports themselves, at the beginning of 1902, fell off decidedly. They were smaller by 20 to 30 per cent. than in January, 1901, and the whole export trade in agricultural commodities consequently decreased $7,500,000. It might, then, have been supposed that the total decline in exports for the month would be very large. It appears, on the contrary, that the month's entire decrease in exports is measured by the decrease in agricultural products. In other words, shipments of manufactured and other non-agricultural goods, last month, were fully as great as in 1901. When the present trade situation is considered—the decrease in foreign demand, the immense expansion of home consumption in such commodities as iron and steel, and the consequent normal tendency of manufactured exports to decrease—the fact that no decline at all is shown is indeed singular. It is all the more singular from the fact that present prices, from which these export values are computed, are in many commodities 10 to 20 per cent. below last year's—which would naturally make the expected decrease larger. The conclusion which people will probably draw from these returns is that the country's grasp on competitive export trade is stronger even than had been supposed. The seeming anomaly of the case is not lessened by the fact that this trade report appears at a moment when preparations are in progress for large imports of foreign steel and iron, made necessary by the present inability of our manufacturers to meet demands.

The Ontario prohibition bill, which has been introduced by Premier Ross as a non-contentious measure, is a curious example of drastic legislation mitigated by all the law's delays. The bill is simply the Manitoba prohibition act, a measure which has had an unusual history. The Manitoba law forbade, in the most stringent terms, the sale of liquor. Neither hotels, clubs, nor boarding-houses were exempted from its provisions. Invalids might, upon a doctor's prescription, keep liquor in their rooms, but they must not permit any other person to drink it. Premier Ross of Ontario had promised, if the Manitoba act were sustained by the courts, to introduce a similar measure in Parliament. Now that the courts have declared the act Constitutional, the Premier finds himself in the position of being obliged to keep an embarrassing promise. Even in Manitoba the Government has not ventured to apply the act, but is asking for a referendum which shall assure it that the people approve not only the law, but its enforcement. Premier Ross, then, is in the unfortunate position of introducing a bill which, enacted into law in another province, nobody has dared to put in effect.

Considering the necessary awkwardness of the situation, the Premier has managed very skilfully to avoid immediate conflict. The bill is to be presented on the second Tuesday of next October to the voters of the province. That the referendum may be valid, one-half of the voters on the lists must vote; and if a majority are for the measure, it will become law by proclamation, to go into effect, however, only after May 1, 1904, a year and a half after its enactment. Whether Premier Ross will be able to maintain the theory that this is a non-contentious measure is more than doubtful. Already the Conservative papers are pointing out, very justly, that legislation by referendum is of doubtful constitutionality, while it is certainly repugnant to the whole theory of Parliamentary government. In putting off the decision for some months the Premier of Ontario shows that he knows the value of a Fabian policy. Meanwhile the Government of Manitoba may take heart to enforce its own law. If the law, as is very likely to be the case, proves unworkable in a rural community, it will be obviously absurd to try it in the cities of Ontario. Premier Ross is likely to be spared the humiliation of passing a law which nobody wishes enforced, but his present predicament shows how constant is that foible of human nature which is capable of all manner of paper heroics in law-making, provided men are not required to live by laws which are passed for women and clergymen.

In gracefully abandoning its projected naval station and frowning fortresses at Wei-Hai-Wei, Lord Salisbury's Government gives fresh point to the gibe of a witty critic, that his Ministry has been one of "coma tempered by fits." It was in one of the fits that Wei-Hai-Wei was seized. Germany had snapped up Kiao-Chau, Russia had suddenly announced Port Arthur to be hers, and the British Jingo began to rage. It was necessary that the Government be very prompt and vigorous, and accordingly Mr. Balfour informed the Commons that England was also swooping upon the Chinese carcass, and had got Wei-Hai-Wei. The Chauvinist press was in raptures, and the naval experts were delirious with joy. You see: there England was, firmly planted between the rapacious German and the grasping Russian, and ready to show them that she could beat them at their own game of grab. But time has brought its sobering. The second thoughts of the naval experts were against fortifying; it was seen that Britain had nothing to do in that far northern galley; and now the march down the hill has begun. England found that she had acquired, in Lord Rosebery's ironic phrase, "merely a second-class watering place." At least, she knew enough to retreat from a demonstrated folly. We shall yet learn how to do the same thing; but oh the cost of delay in learning, and the pity and the shame of it!

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THE ANGLO-JAPANESE ALLIANCE.

It is not strange that the Anglo-Japanese treaty is received with great enthusiasm in Japan. Apart from any immediate advantage which that country may gain by it, the English alliance is a recognition of her rise to a place among the civilized Powers which can only be flattering to her pride. Fifty years ago, Japan was, to all Western nations, simply one of the outlying hordes of barbarians. Until within ten years she was still under treaty obligation to allow foreigners on Japanese soil to be tried by their own extra-territorial courts—so deep was the distrust of native methods. Now, at one bound, Japan comes forward as a nation with which Great Britain is glad to treat on equal terms. It is a vivid reminder of the folly of arrogance of race. Who knows that the despised Filipinos, if given a chance by the removal of foreign pressure, might not make as rapid progress in the next half-century as Japan has made in the past? We ought never to forget the pit whence we ourselves were digged. Go back far enough, and we find our ancestors the inferior race looked upon with contempt by the then leaders of civilization. William Pitt exclaimed in the House of Commons, when a bill to repress the slave trade was up: "We Britons were once as obscure among the nations of the earth, as savage in our manners, as debased in our morals, as degraded in our understandings, as these unhappy Africans are at present."

The drift and tendency of events, long ago foreseen, furnishes a sufficient explanation of the Anglo-Japanese alliance. "Every port, every town, every village that passes into French or Russian hands," says Mr. Curzon, in his 'Problems of the Far East,' "is an outlet lost to Manchester, Bradford, or Bombay." Can England, or England and Japan, or those countries and the United States, stop the progress of Russia in Mantchuria, or in any other part of North China? Probably not; but they may retard it sufficiently to give China an opportunity to become civilized and to help herself to resist the aggression of her northern neighbor. Russia is not yet ready to swallow her prey, and it may be possible for England and Japan to make conditions which shall secure to other nations all the trading rights that they now enjoy. In any such endeavor the United States is a deeply interested party. Accordingly, Secretary Hay has rightly protested against the conclusion of a secret arrangement between the Chinese Government and a Russian banking company, giving to the latter exclusive mining concessions in Mantchuria. Such exclusive concessions would be in conflict with rights secured to us by the treaty with China, dated June 18, 1858, which secures to the citizens of the United States equal privileges with those of any other nation in respect of navigation, commerce, political or other intercourse. An exclusive privilege of mining granted to Russian subjects would be in conflict with the spirit, if not the letter, of this clause. So, too, would be the exclusive privilege of landing telegraph cables on the coast of China for thirty years, which was granted to a Danish company a few years ago, and which has since been acquired by an English company, and approved by Parliament on the 6th of June last, and which effectually prevents the American Pacific Cable Company from reaching the Chinese coast.

Technically, the treaty provides for a coalition only against a coalition. Neither Great Britain nor Japan would be entitled to call upon its ally for aid if either became engaged in a war, for example, against Russia alone. It is only when some "other Power or Powers should join in hostilities" that "the other contracting party will . . . conduct war in common and make peace in mutual agreement." But, as things stand, this practically covers all the chances of war in the Orient, and binds England and Japan to maintain "the *status quo* and general peace." Needless to say, there stands behind the agreement the power to make it respected. The English and Japanese fleets united would absolutely command the China Sea; and Japan could, at present, more quickly fling an efficient army into Korea than could Russia. With the United States neutral, as it would be bound to be in any contest in that part of the world, the union of Japanese and English forces, on land and sea, would obviously be strong enough to enforce their common will.

It cannot be denied that the publication of the treaty is tantamount to serving notice upon Russia that what Baron de Staël at the Hague Conference called her "lurking hopes" (*espérances ultérieures*) in the Orient must, for a long time to come, be held in abeyance. There will be no insinuating Russification of Korea. That country was recognized as independent by both China and Japan in the Treaty of Shimonoseki, as it was later by the Nissi-Rosen protocol between Japan and Russia signed in April, 1898; yet by both the latter Powers it has been almost openly treated as a prize to be striven for. Russia wants Korea, not simply because it is territory to be seized and developed, but also because it stands like a wedge between her two Pacific ports, Vladivostok and Port Arthur. Japan looks eagerly over the Korean gulf to that old "land to the westward" which she conquered more than 2,000 years ago, which has since, though lost to her, sustained the most intimate relations with her—in religion, in art, in commerce—and which to-day stands before Japanese imagination and ambition as the one rich and sparsely settled country into which the overflowing millions of crowded Japan may press. There was thus undoubtedly a bad quarter of an hour in St. Petersburg when the news arrived that England had thrown her sword on the Japanese side of the trembling Korean scales.

Yet the Russians may be excused for sardonically smiling at this new guarantee of the "territorial integrity of China and Korea." Their diplomats have not forgotten the European guarantee of the integrity of the Turkish Empire. In spite of that, province after province and principality after principality have been shorn from the Sultan, mainly by the Russian shears. England stands officially, as Lord Cranborne declared the other day, for "the *status quo* and the integrity of Persia"; yet Russia is steadily annexing it commercially from the north, while Germany is eating into it from the west. "It is all very well," Russians may say, "for those who do not want territory to talk about leaving it in its integrity. We want it. We are taking it and occupying it every day, and mean to keep right on." So they undoubtedly will. They will politely agree to any international understanding which they are forced to accept, but in their steady push into North China, as travellers, colonizers, merchants, they will not be deterred for a day. They have the inside lines. Theirs is the advantage of proximity, of adaptability to native ways, and of sleepless energy. Nothing but a crash in Russian finance (which is always possible) can prevent the speedy absorption of Mantchuria and as much else of Chinese territory bordering on her Siberian possessions as Russia cares to occupy. There still remains a great measure of truth in Napoleon's remark to Gorgaud at St. Helena: "Russia is the Power that marches the most surely, and with the greatest strides, towards universal dominion."

There is a powerful Russophile element in England, led in the press by the *Spectator*, which has long advocated a Russian alliance, and which will see in the friction that Russian diplomacy may easily provoke at different points a proof that Lord Salisbury has once more laid his money on the "wrong horse." From the American point of view, however, he seems to have made a great stroke. The United States is not and cannot be a party to the Anglo-Japanese treaty, but we are vitally interested in it, and stand to gain much by it. It tends to insure peace in the Orient, and our advantage there and everywhere lies in peace. Further than that, the treaty is expressly designed to secure "equal opportunities in those countries for the commerce and industry of all nations." This is a specific pledge of the open door, though none would have been necessary in a treaty to which England set her signature. She is for a fair field and no favors in matters of trade, and that is our

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avowed policy in the Orient, as it should be everywhere. There can be no doubt, therefore, that the United States should hail the alliance between Great Britain and Japan as an auspicious event, and should give it the heartiest approval and moral support.

THE PREVENTABLE WAR WITH SPAIN.

Just as Uncle Sam was most chucklingly complacent over the recent diplomatic blabbing in competition, apparently, for American friendship, he was subjected to a cold douche. In the note of the Ambassadors at Washington, given out by Germany, it appeared that they all agreed that the Spanish concessions had "removed all legitimate cause for war." Then unpleasant intimations began to be heard that the President had not informed Congress of the full extent of those concessions. The European press fell to speaking of our not having clean hands when we went to war, and odious comparisons were made between Mr. McKinley's treatment of Gen. Woodford's dispatch and that of the Ems telegram by Bismarck. Thus we are curiously brought back to the important historical inquiry, Did the President have in his hands in April of 1898 a basis for the relief of Cuba and peace with Spain—a basis which a resolute Executive could have used in a way to avert war?

The only answer we propose to give is drawn from the official documents. We put aside the private accounts that have reached us of the way in which the President allowed himself to be overridden by Congressmen. Looking first to the President's own message to Congress of April 11, we find him describing his final demands on Spain as follows: (1) "the immediate revocation of the order of reconcentration"; (2) "an armistice until October 1." The message went on to say that the reply of the Spanish Cabinet was received on March 31, and that it agreed to an armistice only as prepared by the Cuban Parliament, which was not to meet till May 4. This the President called a "disappointing reception" of his "last overture in the direction of immediate peace," and said that with it "the Executive is brought to the end of his effort."

Now, we ask, what was lacking in the statements of this part of the President's message? In the first place, any intimation that Spain had agreed to his demand for the abolition of reconcentration. Yet there it lies in the very dispatch of March 31 to which he refers, but which he did not publish. "The reconcentrados order has been entirely abrogated in the western provinces," wrote the Spanish Minister, and Gen. Woodford telegraphed the same day to the same effect, adding that Gen. Blanco had been given a special credit of 3,000,000 pesetas to help the people back to their farms. All this the President withheld from Congress. So he did also the definite offer of the Queen Regent, reported by Gen. Woodford on April 5, to proclaim an "immediate and unconditional suspension of hostilities in the island of Cuba . . . for the space of six months, to the 5th of October, 1898." Further on in the message, the President referred to the later Spanish note of April 10, with its offer of an armistice, though he said of this armistice that its "duration and details have not yet been communicated to me." They had been, however, in the Woodford dispatch of April 5. Of that he left Congress wholly in ignorance. It was, in fact, jealously guarded in the State Department for more than three years.

All through those later dispatches the President showed a strange disinclination to alter his message to make it square with the new facts. When that moving and pious message of the Queen's was telegraphed him, he replied at once that he highly "appreciated" her "desire for peace," but that his "message will go to Congress to-morrow." The only reason that it did not go was to give Consul Lee time to leave Havana. Not even then was there any hint that the message would be modified to fit the changed situation. Even the Spanish note of April 10 the President tucked away in a cold reference at the very end of his message. That note, he said, had been received "since the preparation of the foregoing message." It ought really to have made him throw away his message and write a new one. But he was so enamoured of it that he could not bear to change a word; and therefore laid it before Congress, with its unmistakable leaning towards war, although he had just received a communication from Spain which, in the opinion of all the foreign Ministers in Washington, "removed all legitimate cause for war." Again we put aside all unofficial stories about the way in which Mr. McKinley came to do this. The official account is given in a dispatch from Mr. Day to Gen. Woodford of March 30, 1898. In that we read that there was "profound feeling in Congress," and that it was held in check "only by assurance from the President that . . . he will submit all the facts to Congress at a very early day"—that is, let the war party have its head.

Some people get angry when told that President McKinley, at that crisis, "abdicated." But he himself admitted it. In his answer, through Mr. Day, to Gen. Woodford's urgent appeal, he said, "The President cannot assume to influence the action of the American Congress." But who said that? Why, the man who had in his own hands the entire negotiation. It was his sworn duty, his solemn obligation, to conduct the affair alone, and to report to Congress, if he could, a completed solution of the grave international problem. Yet instead of seizing eagerly upon the great concession by Spain, and using it to build up an honorable peace, he turned politely away with the remark that he could not think of undertaking to influence Congress! There was the unmistakable surrender of the powers and duties of a great office. What we assert is that a determined Executive, at once accepting and publishing Gen. Woodford's dispatch, hailing it, as he well might, as a great triumph for American diplomacy, and throwing his superseded message into the waste-basket, where it belonged, could have rallied such a peace party throughout the country that a Congress mad for war would have been brought to a muttering submission. There was the great opportunity to prevent the war. It was an "inevitable" war only in the sense that the President of the day was one who would inevitably yield to the pressure of hot-headed Congressmen. "In war," said Napoleon, "*men* are nothing, and *a man* is everything." Unluckily, that man was wanting in those critical days of April, 1898.

THE BILL AGAINST ANARCHISTS.

House Bill 10,386, reported from the Judiciary Committee on February 8, and accompanied by a long explanatory report, is entitled "A Bill for the protection of the President of the United States, the suppression of crime against government, and for other purposes." It is really the residuum of all the bills introduced into the House by excited members since President McKinley's assassination, and represents all that the Judiciary Committee thinks can be done in the way of legal punishment of anarchistic crimes and the suppression of anarchistic doctrines. Some clauses of the bill, as we shall show, are foolish because they are incapable of enforcement; but, on the whole, it is a reasonable and conservative measure, which, after due debate and suitable amendment, might well become the law of the land.

In no respect did the Committee more clearly display its wisdom than in brushing aside the wild proposals which, in the first flurry of grief and indignation last September, were made by apparently sober people, and some of which were embodied in bills introduced in Congress. All criticism of the President, it will be remembered, was to be treated as criminal. Anarchists were to be "strung up" on sight, or else deported to one of Senator Hoar's unnamed islands. All good citizens were, in short, to put down lawless folk lawlessly. But the bill and report of the Judiciary Committee coolly throw all this out of the window. "We have studiously," says Chairman Ray, "avoided interference with the freedom of speech

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and of the press." "We have rejected," he observes later, "all propositions looking to the deportation of aliens who have been permitted to land in our country." And he adds the salutary general caution: "We are treading on unknown and untried ground, and it is wise to keep within Constitutional limits." All this is well and soundly put. It is naturally a pleasure to us to see the Judiciary Committee supporting in this way the position which we took in that mad week in September when the passion for "putting down" anarchy by anarchical methods seized upon, and carried away, so many ordinarily sensible newspapers and public leaders and clergymen.

The chief aim of the bill is to establish immediate Federal jurisdiction over criminal assaults upon the President of the United States, or any officer "entitled by law to succeed to the Presidency." One section extends such jurisdiction to the case also of an "Ambassador or Minister of a foreign state," killed while in this country. This is by way of abundant precaution, but seems a proper step towards safeguarding and making more dignified the attitude of this Government towards others. If it could be followed up by a statute giving Federal courts jurisdiction in case of any alien murdered in this country, we should think it a great advance. But that, we suppose, is at present impossible. The bill is guarded in its definition of the crimes it would punish. The assault or murder must be committed while the Federal officer is "in the performance of his official duties, or because of his official character." Private griefs and private vengeance are excluded. Section 8 uses the phrase "unlawful killing," which the report explains as intended to rule out killing under great provocation, or in self-defence, or in any way that would constitute a legal justification. Finally, as Chairman Ray points out, the enactment of the proposed statute would not prevent a State from punishing the offence of killing or assaulting the President or any one in the line of succession. The aim is to arm the general Government with a weapon which it may use in case of inaction by any State.

All these parts of the bill appear to be in line with judicial precedent and the canons of good legislation. No cruel or unusual punishments are provided. The section which would make a "principal offender" of "any person who aids, abets, incites, or conspires with another" to commit the offences named in the bill, does not, we believe, depart from the existing law of conspiracy. There is little ground for criticism, in fact, until we come to those sections intended, not to repress and punish crime, but to repress and punish anarchism. Here the bill stumbles, as does every man who undertakes to legislate against a state of mind. It is one thing to draft a law for fining or imprisoning "any person who advocates, advises, or teaches the duty, necessity, or propriety of the unlawful killing or assaulting of one or more of the officers of the Government," but quite another to devise a criminal statute against any man "who disbelieves in or who is opposed to all organized government."

Under the bill, no man holding those abstract views shall be permitted to enter the United States, nor, if he is already here, allowed to take out papers as a naturalized citizen. The impossible enforcement of this section is discreetly left to that unhappy man, the Secretary of the Treasury, who is to make the needed "rules and regulations." As the report innocently says, "the details" are left to him. But the details are everything. Any one may express a pious wish that no immigrant of anarchistic principles should be allowed to land. But how to find out if he has those principles? By the very hypothesis, he is a man who will stop at no crime. He would kill every Government official cheerfully, and lay whole cities in ashes without the quiver of an eyelid; yet it is supposed that he will have scruples about lying or perjury! We doubt very much if these unenforceable sections of the bill can survive debate in the House and Senate; and we are confident that, if they do, they will instantly become the deadest of dead letters. It seems a pity to encumber with such rubbish a bill which, in the main, is so commendable.

POSTER REGULATION.

It has long been recognized that a certain kind of vulgar advertising is a positive disfigurement of city-street or rural landscape; and various sporadic efforts, chiefly on the ground of good taste, have been made to remedy the evil. A decision of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court of New York has established the principle that a city —Buffalo in the test case—may by ordinance limit the size of posted advertisements. This was virtually to declare that a certain kind of advertising is so great an offence to the eye as to constitute a public nuisance, and, being such, falls as properly under restrictive laws as reeking chimneys or malodorous factories. It was probably this decision that heartened the American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society to prepare the admirable bill now before the State Legislature.

Assemblyman Landon's bill follows conservatively the approved lines of French and Belgian legislation on this subject. It imposes upon all posted advertisements, except those displayed where the business advertised is actually conducted and those required by law, a stamp tax of one cent for every two square feet—reckoned by the greatest height and breadth of the printed or pictured surface—of posters displayed in public. In consideration of the payment of this tax, the advertiser receives the additional guarantee of a fine of $5.00 upon any person who destroys or defaces a poster properly stamped. The tax is a very moderate one. The average poster displayed at the stations of the elevated railroad and the publishers' placards at the news-stands would be taxed one or two cents. The larger paintings on the hoardings—pity that this kind of art cannot be honored with a surtax—would pay only from twenty-five cents to a dollar or so. It is to be feared that a colossal codfish-bearer, who reminds passers on the Brooklyn Bridge that New York is primarily a centre of coughs, colds, and consumption, would, under the proposed law, be able to ransom himself at a ludicrously low price for the disfigurement he causes.

In fact, criticism of the Landon bill must be chiefly of its conservatism. In France and Belgium, posters are taxed progressively by size. In France, posters up to 7 inches square are taxed one cent; 7 to 10 inches, two; 10 to 14 inches, three; all larger, four cents. Painted advertisements are taxed at a much higher rate, on a sliding scale, according to the population of the city in which they are displayed. In a general way the French taxes are from three to four times those proposed in the Landon bill. In Belgium the minimum rate is practically that which is to be tried in New York, but every increase in area beyond the statutory 196 square inches (14 inches square) is so heavily taxed that very large posters are practically prohibited. When the new law—for we must assume that so admirable a measure will meet no serious opposition in the Legislature—has been tried for a year or two, it will be easy to make amendments, possibly such as should discriminate against the larger, and certainly more unsightly, class of painted advertisements. The important thing is to establish the principle that posters may and should be taxed.

Besides the Supreme Court decision already cited, there are numerous arguments for this innovation. Unquestionably the massing of large and hideous advertisements is something more than a sentimental offence. If the wall of Central Park could be lined with hoardings like the approaches to New York through the Newark meadows, the effect in diminishing the residential desirability, and consequently the price, of real estate would be quickly felt. Similarly, if less markedly, to deface a beautiful countryside by the appeals of pill-men and pad-men, distinctly lowers its standing, not only from the æsthete's point of view, but also from the real-estate agent's. It need not be urged that the multiplication of advertising boards which obscure the street sign,

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partially at our elevated stations and completely at those of the London underground, is a nuisance of the most palpable kind. In this connection the petition of Mr. Maltbie, Chairman of the Committee on Advertising Signs of the Municipal Art Society, deserves attention. He asks Comptroller Grout that no advertising signs shall be allowed in the proposed subway to Brooklyn, and he cites the example of various English cities which, upon assuming control of the street railways, have, as a matter of municipal pride and expediency, entirely abolished all posters in the cars and stations. It is hardly necessary to argue further the proposition that he who offends the eye grievously is quite as amenable to restriction as he who offends the ear or the nose.

We should not, however, look upon ourselves as sinners above other men in this matter. We have not yet produced any advertising mechanism so monstrously absurd as the average London 'bus; and if the English have preceded us in this reform, it was because their need was greater. It should not be for a moment imagined, either, that the Landon bill is drawn in a spirit of hostility to legitimate advertising. The advertisers can but gain by withdrawing from the scramble and studying effective means of attracting the passing throng. The shrewdest advertisers have long ago perceived that an attractive design and legend in the right place is worth many blatant hoardings in any place. The great multiplication of ugly pictorial signs, in fact, probably represents rather the enthusiasm of the advertising agencies than the sober judgment of the individual advertiser. It is because the Landon bill is so much in the interest of all concerned that we confidently urge its enactment into law.

ROYALTY AT THE NEW GALLERY.

LONDON, January 15, 1902.

The present royal family in England have shown themselves so indifferent to art, or rather so ready to prefer the vulgar and the tawdry to the good, that one is apt to forget what distinguished patrons of art British Kings and Queens have been in the past. The name of Holbein adds greater glory to the House of Tudor. The Stuarts would be half forgotten but for Van Dyck, and, in a lesser degree, Lely and Kneller. Even the Georges had the intelligence to recognize—though dimly—the distinction they could borrow from the great painters of their day, from Reynolds and Gainsborough, Romney, Hoppner, and Lawrence. It was really not until the Victorian era that the second-rate and the mediocre came into fashion at court. There was, therefore, every reason to look forward to a fine and important collection of portraits when the New Gallery announced the "Monarchs of Great Britain and Ireland" as the subject of its winter exhibition.

But, unfortunately, the managers of the exhibition seem to have been seized with unnecessary scruples. Within the last decade there have been Tudor and Stuart and Guelph shows at the New Gallery, where many fine portraits were hung. These portraits, apparently, the managers have hesitated to hang again lest they risk the charge of repetition. A good thing, however, cannot be seen too often; indifferent work is not worth seeing once; and by far the greater number of portraits in the present collection are of indifferent merit.

Historically, the series is wonderfully complete, and for the student of history the interest is great. From Edward III. down to Edward VII., there is not a break, not a gap, in the royal succession. There is even a record of so remote an event as the marriage of St. Ethelreda to Egfrid, King of Northumberland, though, to be sure, the record itself dates no farther back than the fifteenth century. It was the misfortune of the earlier kings that none but the Primitive was then alive to paint them. Sometimes, if not always, the Primitive came from abroad. Lucas Cornelisz and Jan de Mabuse are names with which some of the first pictures are labelled. But while the Primitive might give an amusing chronicle of amusing costume, a decorative design in which the heraldic device in one corner and the lettering in another are as important as the face and figure of the sitter, he could not make the men and women he painted live for you, he could not make them stand upon their legs, real human beings of flesh and blood. In all the portraits before Holbein, and in many after, the kings and queens seem mere symbols of royalty, though often the symbol suggests what you cannot help feeling to be an accurate likeness. The three or four portraits of Henry V. bear a striking resemblance one to another; in each the same serious, thoughtful face, only the full red lips reminding you that this stern, ascetic monarch was once the boon companion of Falstaff, the hero of revels at the Boar in Eastcheap. The heavy cheeks, little bead-like eyes, and thin lips are the same in every portrait of Henry VIII.; but then, by this time Holbein had come to England and given lesser painters a model. There are several portraits of Henry and Edward VI. and other members of the same royal family attributed to Holbein; but I believe it is generally admitted that few paintings of the kind in England are really by him, and I know that none at the New Gallery could, with credit to the German master, be claimed for him. On the other hand, there is the large cartoon lent by the Duke of Devonshire, drawn by Holbein for the fresco at Whitehall that was long since destroyed by fire; a splendid piece of drawing. In the foreground of a stately architectural design, the life-size, full-length figure of Henry VIII. swaggers, large, massive, the legs well apart in the familiar pose; the costume is the one that has been copied again and again, until we know it as well as the coat and trousers of to-day; the gross, sensual face is as real to us as the unforgettable features of Velasquez's Philip or Van Dyck's Charles. Henry VII., on a higher step, stands modestly in the background. A copy was made of the fresco for Charles II. by a Flemish painter, Remigius van Leemput, and may now be seen at Hampton Court, offering a suggestive comparison with the cartoon. There are also three or four Holbein drawings of Edward VI. and Jane Seymour, characteristic outline drawings, touched here and there with color. But one remembers regretfully the fine series at the Tudor Exhibition.

After the Holbeins, little will detain the artist until he comes to the Van Dycks. For the historian, I admit there is much to note by the way: the forbidding portraits of Mary Tudor—the face so cruel, hard, and fanatical you are ready to believe any evil of her, and neither Sir Antonio More nor Lucas de Heere made an effort to soften it, whatever pleasure they took in her rich brocaded and jewelled robes; the extraordinary portraits of Elizabeth, her incredible gown embroidered with birds and beasts and fishes, a museum of natural history, as you see it in the large canvas (by an unknown painter) lent by the Duke of Devonshire, whereas in the three portraits by Zucchero the ruff, with its wide gauze wings, the balloon sleeves, with tulips springing from them in one version, the necklace, the ostrich-feather fan, are all woven into an ingenious decoration in which the face almost disappears; the disappointing portraits of Mary Stuart, that cannot explain her charm, but that no doubt will revive old controversies—among them, one of the "memorial portraits" painted long after her death, a full-length with the scene of her execution realistically recorded in the background, and, far more interesting, a small panel by Janet of the Queen in the famous *deuil blanc* for Francis. I suppose even the portraits of James I., by Jameson, and his Queen, by Van Somer, will attract the historian, but they have left a blank in my memory. Or, perhaps, I have forgotten them because of my more acute disappointment when I got so far in this rapid historical review as the Stuart who, of all the British sovereigns, cared most for art and worked most intelligently for its encouragement. Charles I., whatever his weaknesses, whatever his crimes toward his people if you will, was great in his love for art. His pride was his collection of pictures, to which the nation still owes many of its treasures. His delight was in being painted by the masters of his time. He was as royal in his patronage of Van Dyck as Philip IV. was in the honor paid to Velasquez. And Van Dyck returned the royal favor by making the King, the Queen, and the little princes and princesses the motives for his most splendid masterpieces. What he could do for the House of Stuart was shown in the Van Dyck Exhibition at Antwerp, and even more strikingly when that exhibition was transferred to the Royal Academy, with many notable additions.

But the New Gallery, whether fearing to find the public fickle, or whether failing to induce owners to part so soon again with pictures on tour but a year or two ago, has not included one of the portraits that were the glory of those two memorable collections. Of the six that bear Van Dyck's name, none but the Queen Henrietta Maria lent by Mr. Edmund Davis stands out with anything like the distinction expected of Van Dyck at his best. This, however, is very charming, though with a touch of insipidity or over-prettiness that makes one question how it would have stood the test of being seen at Antwerp or the Royal Academy. It is a half-length. The Queen, in her fa-

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vorite white, stands, resting her right hand on a crown set upon a table at her side. A curtain is drawn up and loosely draped behind her. It is the conventional setting of the fashionable portrait of Van Dyck's day; but there is grace and dignity in the pose of the Queen, beauty in the soft warm red of the curtain (the color repeated in a higher key by the ribbons on her bodice), and refinement in the painting of the jewels about her neck and wrists. The portrait, in its richness of tone and its perfect pictorial unity, has just "the little more" that separates it for ever from the barren, matter-of-fact record of the painter who, before photography was invented, made of himself a human camera.

Certainly nothing in the Gallery can approach it until the later Hanoverian period, when one most lovely Gainsborough is reached. But you must first pass a flamboyant series of Lelys and Knellers — Charles II.'s sensual, cynical face, and James's rather characterless features, almost as overshadowed by the decorative glory of flaming wig and gorgeous silks as Queen Elizabeth's by elaborate detail of ruff and embroidered gown, while neither of the fashionable portrait-painters is as well represented as he might be. You must first wade through a dreary succession of big full-lengths, formal and empty, painted mostly by Van der Vaart and Jervas, of the early Hanoverians. But then, at last, you have your reward in Gainsborough, to whom both George III., though Benjamin West was his favorite painter, and Queen Charlotte condescended to sit. It is plain, however, that he found the burden of such commonplace royalties all too heavy. The portraits are full-lengths, the King and Queen standing each before the conventional background of architecture and landscape then in vogue, and Gainsborough managed to give to "Farmer George" and "good old ugly Queen Charlotte" something of the regal dignity that probably never was discerned in them save by the eye of genius, even if he could not pretend the enthusiasm he did not feel. To him also came the Duke of Gloucester and his Duchess, the famous Maria Walpole, the beautiful niece who figures so largely in Horace Walpole's Letters. But Duke and Duchess also failed to inspire him, and these four portraits are interesting chiefly because of the history and gossip with which they are associated. It is another matter, however, with his "Anne Luttrell, Mrs. Horton, Duchess of Cumberland," whom we should think enchanting were there no title or tradition to identify her. The portrait is a half-length, very much smaller than the other canvases, and now hanging modestly in a corner. The composition is simplicity itself. The conventional background is omitted. But the beautiful head with the elaborate coiffure, the pale rose-red gown, with the delicate fichu and embroidered scarf, were to Gainsborough motives for one of the loveliest harmonies he ever created.

With the canvases that follow, interest dwindles, the names of Romney, Hoppner, and Lawrence scarcely reviving it, until it disappears utterly in the performances of the Victorian Era. Queen Victoria may have had excellent political advisers, but in art she was allowed to wander hopelessly astray. When the choice of a painter fell to her, she seemed instinctively to prefer the least distinguished. When an artist of note chanced to be commissioned by some one else to paint the royal portrait, he seldom could withstand the deadening, vulgarizing influence of the Victorian court. One or two unimportant records of important events in the early part of the reign, and a sketch by Hayter, mark the beginning of the period. The end is commemorated in that huge stretch of canvas, "Four Generations," by Mr. Orchardson, the Royal Academician, which was exhibited in the Academy of 1899. I described it at the time—the big, ugly, stiff royal apartment, really a corridor at Windsor Castle, with the ugly detail beautifully rendered, and with the royal group, Queen Victoria, the then Prince of Wales and Duke of York, and the little Prince Edward of York, as wooden and lifeless and mechanically posed as if they were so many lay figures or tailor's dummies arranged for a fashion-plate. Mr. Orchardson is an artist of distinction, but, for the moment, royalty paralyzed him. The collection ends with a full-length of the King by Mr. Stuart-Wortley, which is commonplaceness itself, and a little panel by Bastien-Lepage, dating many years further back, almost as commonplace, though technically infinitely better. The head is finished with the minuteness of a miniature, but it is so characterless, so smooth and smirking, so idealized, I can hardly believe it to be the portrait, or even the study for that portrait, which rumor declared the King, as Prince of Wales, rejected because of its uncompromising realism.

Scattered through the galleries are two or three cases of miniatures in which royalty makes a more decorative display. There are good examples of Holbein, Janet, Hilliard, Oliver, Petitot, Cosway, from various collections; little gems, many of them, by masters who understood an art that has been sadly dishonored by its recent fashionable revival. The old miniature-painters knew how to place a head, or a figure, on their little square or oval of ivory or paper, so as to make a fine design; they knew how to give it the beauty of color, they knew how to draw within the limits at their disposal without any sacrifice of character. I can only hope the good result of showing such an admirable series will be felt in the two annual exhibitions of miniatures now held in London, where the touched-up photograph seems to be the standard accepted.

These historical exhibitions are never complete without a liberal supply of "relics," and relics now appear in the usual variety and number. They are the things that appeal most keenly to the large majority. As a grave Scotchman, at the Press view, assured me, there is a never-failing pleasure in dropping a sentimental tear on the shirt of Charles I. or a lock of his hair. The New Gallery offers an unrivalled opportunity for the admirers not only of the Stuarts, but of the Plantagenets, Tudors, and Guelphs. Many and various are the objects in this section, from the baby linen made by Queen Elizabeth, while still a princess, for the child Queen Mary never bore—tragic little caps and shirts—to the gorgeous gold-embroidered robes which George IV., the first gentleman of Europe, wore at his coronation; from the jewels of the Stuarts to the rich official plate of the Hanoverians; from the signet ring of King John to the pens used by Queen Victoria at her coronation and wedding. It would be impossible to describe all these things in detail. Some come from South Kensington, others from royal and private collections, and many an afternoon could be spent amusingly, even profitably, wandering from one case to another of the several that contain them. The Society of Antiquaries have contributed an interesting series of the royal seals of England, and Messrs. Lincoln & Son a collection of gold and silver coins, extending from Norman days to our own. It is impossible to look at them without regretting that the designer of the new coins just issued, bearing the head of King Edward VII., did not rely less upon his own poor powers of invention and more upon a careful study of earlier artists. Of armor just enough is shown to decorate the large square central hall, lending to it quite the air of an apartment of state in some fine old castle or noble mansion. Of royal letters and manuscripts there are more than I can do justice to at the end of an article.

N. N.

THE MOTHER OF THREE KINGS.

PARIS, February 1, 1902.

M. Stryienski edited, a few years ago, the very interesting memoirs of the Countess Potocka. He now publishes a book which contains not so much original matter, but which is, nevertheless, valuable, since, according to the rules of the new historical school, there are to be found in it some inedited documents. The title of it is 'The Mother of the Three Last Bourbons, Marie-Josèphe de Saxe, and the Court of Louis XV.'; but it should have been: 'The Mother of the Three Last Bourbon *Kings*.'

The son of Louis XV. had two wives. It is well known that he was passionately fond of the first, the Infanta of Spain. María Terésa Raphaëlli, daughter of Philip V. and of Elizabeth Farnese, arrived from Spain in 1745, and died eighteen months afterwards in giving birth to a princess who likewise died. María Terésa had pleased nobody at the French court, except her husband, who was also only seventeen years old. He became immediately very fond of her, and twenty years afterwards, in his will, written *in articulo mortis*, he asked that his heart should be placed at St. Denis near the heart of the Infanta. The Court of Madrid and a great party at Versailles desired that the Dauphin should marry at once Antonia, the sister of María Terésa. But at that time there was still a great repugnance to unions between brothers-in-law and sisters-in-law (these marriages continued forbidden in France in the Code Napoléon, and became legal only after the Restoration). As France was at the time at war with Austria, the Princess chosen was a daughter of the Elector of Saxony, who was on the throne of Poland. Marie-Josèphe de Saxe was only fifteen years old. M. Stryienski gives us, with the most minute details, the story of the negotiations which preceded the marriage, of all the ceremonies, of the Court functions, and of the popular rejoicings which accompanied this event. The marriage was celebrated on the 9th of February, six months after the death of the first Dauphiness.

The principal negotiator in the affair of the Saxon marriage was the conqueror of Fontenoy, the famous marshal Maurice de

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Saxe, who, by his victories, had obtained great credit at the Court of Versailles. His letters are more amusing than are mere diplomatic documents. For instance, he is describing the French Court to the mother of the young Princess:

"To succeed here," says he, "there must be no superciliousness nor familiarity. . . . The women of the Court all have *esprit* like devils and are correspondingly wicked. They will never be wanting in respect to her [the future Dauphiness], but they will try to involve her in the quarrels which they have perpetually among themselves, and this is far from laughable or amusing. The King does the same. If anything displease her, let her address herself directly to the King. . . . He is the only person in the Court with whom she must have no reserve. She must look upon him as her asylum, her father, and tell him everything, good or bad, as it comes, without any disguise. With all the rest, I recommend reserve. If she practises that, he will adore her."

The Queen, he continues, "is a good princess, who often has her little whims, but who has never known what to do to get them humored." As for the Dauphin,

"he has much *esprit*, more than he seems to have. The King likes him much more for his docility, I believe, than for any other reason. I noticed that last year people made an estrangement between father and son [this was on account of Madame de Pompadour, the friend of Maurice de Saxe; he does not name her in his letter, but the Queen of Poland probably understood the allusion]. The King did not cease to make advances to the Dauphin till he won him back to him. They now get on well together and it is necessary, for the good of the state and the good of everything, that the Princess should always keep this point in view, and that she should work incessantly to preserve the union between father and son. She will thus obtain the confidence of both and the respect of all."

The Dauphin was attached to the memory of his first wife. He had made a sacrifice to reasons of state in remarrying. M. Stryienski pretends that he was not always faithful to his second wife, and that she had on various occasions a right to complain of him. On this point we find him opposed to the tradition which represents the son of Louis XV. as a prince of almost austere virtue. The intimacy became, however, complete after a great malady of the Dauphin's, during which his wife took the greatest care of him. The Dauphiness had her first son in 1751, and then four others in rapid succession. The names given to these children were the following: Dukes of Burgundy, of Aquitaine, of Berry, Counts of Provence and of Artois. The Duc de Berry became Louis XVI., the Comte de Provence Louis XVIII., the Comte d'Artois Charles X. Then came two princesses, the second of whom was the unfortunate Madame Elisabeth. Marie-Josèphe was entirely engrossed in her maternal cares, and took no part in politics. Her position had been from the beginning very difficult between her husband, the King, the King's sisters, and the favorite, Madame de Pompadour. She always maintained a great attachment for her own country, and took much interest in the incidents of the Seven Years' War. She hoped for a moment that Saxony would receive an increase of territory, but her hopes were disappointed. The humiliations of Saxony during the Seven Years' War were a great blow to her pride and her affections, as they deeply affected her father and her mother, whom she had never seen since she came to France, and who both died without having the consolation of saying good-bye to her.

She had other troubles and losses very close to her. The eldest of her daughters died very young, as well as her second son, the Duc d'Aquitaine. She lost the Duc de Bourgogne later, when the child was already ten years old. This child seems to have resembled in many respects the pupil of Fénelon who bore also the name of the Duc de Bourgogne; he was naturally very violent and irascible, but gradually became mild and amenable. He was extremely pious, but even when he received religious lessons of humility, he did not forget who he was. When the story of Esau was told him, he was already ill and in bed; he protested that he would never sell his birthright for a mess of pottage, not even for a return to health. The Dauphin himself fell ill during some military manœuvres at Compiègne, and became consumptive. He had grown very much attached to his wife, for their common sorrows had brought them nearer to each other. They lived together with great simplicity. He called her Pepa; when he felt himself dying, he insisted upon her staying near him, contrary to the rules of royal etiquette.

After his untimely death, Marie-Josèphe wrote to a bishop who was her friend: "I don't know any more what it is to be happy. I come and go, I speak, I even laugh at times, but sorrow never goes out of my heart; all that might give pleasure gives me pain, for it reminds me of my misfortune. All the pleasure I have is to weep over what I have lost, and to speak of him with those who really loved him." She now occupied herself exclusively with the education of her children. When the Duc de Berry was of marriageable age, she was not consulted in the choice of a wife. The King announced to her that, for political reasons, he was inclined to choose an Austrian princess. She merely said that the late Dauphin had other views for his son; she added that the best way to keep the Court of Vienna in a proper state of feeling was to keep it between fear and hope. After some time, however, the marriage with Marie Antoinette was decided on; this marriage was the work of the Duc de Choiseul.

Marie-Josèphe fell ill, and for some time was treated by the famous Genevese doctor, Tronchin. It was of no avail; she died, on the 13th of March, 1767, and was buried next to her husband. Her life had not been a very happy one; what would her thoughts have been if she had been able to prophesy the dramatic, we may say the tragic, destiny of her three sons, who were all fated to wear the French crown? Victor Hugo, in his "Voix Intérieures," speaks of the early days of these three princes, and of Marie-Josèphe, their mother. Alluding to the future, he says:

"Dieu! comme avec terreur leur mère épouvantée
Les eût contre son cœur pressés, pâle et sans voix,
Si quelque vision, troublant ces jours de fêtes,
Eût jeté tout à coup sur ces fragiles têtes
Ce cri terrible: 'Enfants, vous serez rois tout trois'!

. . . . . .

De vous trois enfans, sur qui pèse
L'antique masure française,
Le premier sera Louis Seize,
Le dernier sera Charles X."

And, after an allusion to the scaffold on which fell the head of Louis XVI., speaking of Louis XVIII. and Charles X., he adds:

"Le règne de Louis, roi de quelques bannis,
Commence dans l'exil, celui de Charles y tombe.
L'un n'aura pas de sacre, et l'autre pas de tombe:
A l'un Reims doit manquer, à l'autre Saint-Denis."

Correspondence.

SIR C. FURNESS'S SHIP-BUILDING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the *Nation* for December 26, 1901 (p. 484), the statement is made that Sir Christopher Furness "left in American shipyards orders aggregating four million dollars for twelve steamers of an average carrying capacity of eight thousand tons"; and the comment is made that this is an "untimely confirmation of the well-known fact that this is the best place in the world to buy ships."

May I ask whether it is certain that any such order was placed in the United States? My own impression, on reading the item in the daily press, was just the opposite of what you report. I have since been informed, on the authority of *Fairplay:*

"It is reported that Sir Christopher Furness, while in the United States last month, arranged for the building of six oil-tank steamers of about eight thousand tons dead weight each. It is believed that the vessels will be constructed on the North-east Coast."

In this paragraph the reference is, I believe, to the northeast of England, Sir Christopher having a large shipyard at West Hartlepool.

The matter is one of such considerable interest that I should like to be more certain of just what occurred. If it was a sale instead of a purchase, it surely ought not to be used to support the claim that ships can be built more cheaply in the United States than in England.—Yours respectfully, HENRY RAND HATFIELD.

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO, February 8, 1902.

[It would appear that we had misread; but we cannot at this moment verify our source.—ED. NATION.]

NEW YORK ANTICIPATED.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In this week's publication you say: "An admirable feature of our revised charter is the provision which allows the head of any administrative department to occupy a seat in the Board of Aldermen and authorizes him to participate in its discussions." You close the editorial by saying that, so far as you can recall, this is the first time this principle has been applied in this country.

I would call your attention to the fact that, under the new city charter of Baltimore, all heads of departments have seats in the First Branch of the City Council, which is the popular branch, and have the right to participate in discussions. This system, among the many other very excellent provisions of the new city charter, has been in operation here about two years.

Knowing that you wish to be fair in all matters, except as to Southern ques-

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tions, I take the trouble to give you this information.—Very respectfully,

CONWAY W. SAMS.

BALTIMORE, February 13, 1902.

[And we take the trouble to thank our correspondent for jogging our memory, though the matter is municipal, and not Southern.—ED. NATION.]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Referring to the editorial note in your issue of the 13th instant, relative to heads of administrative departments occupying seats in legislative bodies, I beg to call your attention to the fact that the city of Cleveland has had this provision in its charter since the present Federal Plan Law went into effect, some nine or ten years ago.

I believe there has never been any question as to the desirability of this feature of the law. Under this provision the Mayor and his Cabinet, who are the heads of the administrative departments, occupy seats in the City Council without vote.

Respectfully, JOE C. BEARDSLEY.

DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS, CLEVELAND, O., February 15, 1902.

CONTEMPORARY GERMAN LITERATURE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Those who would like to know more about recent developments in German literature will be glad of the letters which Prof. Charles Harris is sending to the *Nation* from Berlin. Considering our large German population, it is surprising how little is known in this country about German authors of the present day. Paul Heyse, Rosegger, and Spielhagen belong properly to a past generation. Of those who have become distinguished within the past ten or fifteen years it may be doubted whether any names except Hauptmann's and Sudermann's are at all known in this country. Not long ago Mr. Julian Hawthorne had occasion to review the translation of a novel by the well-known German writer, Richard Voss (I think it was called 'Sigurd Eckdahl's Bride'). Evidently he had never heard of Richard Voss, for he took for granted that the story was written by some Scandinavian.

For some reason our literary journals seldom refer to contemporary German literature. In 1900 occurred the death of a German novelist of some note, Ernst Eckstein, but I did not see any reference to it in the New York *Bookman* or the Chicago *Dial*, both of which I was then taking. On the other hand, *Das Litterarische Echo*, a magazine of the same class published semi-monthly in Berlin, has regular letters from both London and New York, from which we may infer that every new American writer of promise is brought to the notice of the German literary public.

Those who would like to see recent German novelists treated from the view-point of Christian morality would do well to procure a fifty-page pamphlet by Ulrich von Hassell entitled 'Streiflichter auf die Unterhaltungs-Litteratur der letzten 20 Jahre.' He divides recent German novelists into three classes: first, "Die Jüngstdeutschen" and "Modernen," who follow Zola, and, in the frantic desire to be realistic, are not governed by any limitations of purity or propriety; second, the distinctly Christian writers, like Emil von Grotthuss and Peter Rosegger. But between the two he puts those whom he calls "independent" and "neutral." Among these an honorable place is given to the subject of Professor Harris's last letter, Georg Freiherr von Ompteda.

HERBERT MORISON CLARKE.

ELDRED, PA., February 13, 1902.

Notes.

Mr. Worthington Chauncey Ford is about to print, in a limited edition for subscribers, the journals of the sessions of the General Court of Massachusetts for May, July, and August, 1715—the year which marked the beginning of a series of printed reports nowhere extant in their entirety. He will follow a copy belonging to Judge Samuel Sewall, the diarist, and will supplement it (in default of any printed original of the November journal—there was none—and of the manuscript, which has been destroyed) with the Minutes of the Governor and Council for that session. These are quite inedited. The volume will, to judge from the prospectus, be elegant and stately, and will be bound in paper boards with cloth back. Mr. Ford's address is No. 11 Prescott Place, Lynn, Mass.

A manuscript work of Martin Luther has been recently discovered in the library of a deceased Russian prince, noted as a scholar and bibliographer, and is now in the possession of his daughter, who prefers to sell it directly to some public or private library, in which it would be permanently preserved. The contents consist of miscellaneous theological treatises, written chiefly in Latin (although a few of the final pages are in German), and not printed in any edition of Luther's writings. The volume has, therefore, not merely an autographic, but also a real literary value. It contains 552 pages of rather heavy paper bound in vellum. On the fly-leaf are the words, "D. Martini Lutheri Autographa Manuscripta Theologia Miscellanea," with the date 2. Aug. Año 1547, and the name Wolfgangus. This would seem to imply that after Luther's death on February 18, 1546, the manuscript became the property of Luther's most enthusiastic friend and supporter, Wolfgang, Prince of Anhalt, who, on account of his zeal in promoting the Reformation, was put under ban and temporarily deprived of his sovereignty by Charles V. The genuineness of the MS. appears to be undisputed. Here is a rare chance for some one to secure it, say, for the Germanic Museum at Harvard.

The latest Clarendon Press publications include editions of 'The Lay of Havelok the Dane,' by W. W. Skeat; 'The Complete Works of John Gower,' volume four, by G. C. Macaulay; 'Plays and Poems of Robert Greene,' by J. Churton Collins; and 'Elizabethan Critical Essays (1570-1603),' by G. Gregory Smith. Also, 'The Troubadours of Dante,' by H. J. Chaytor; 'A Summary Catalogue of Bodleian MSS.,' volumes five and six, by F. Madan; 'British Colonies and Protectorates,' by the late Sir Henry Jenkyns; the 'Life and Correspondence of Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex,' by R. B. Merriman; 'The Memoirs of Bishop Burnet,' by Miss H. C. Foxcroft; 'A History of the Peninsular War,' by C. W. C. Oman; the seventh volume of the late J. E. Thorold Rogers's 'History of Agriculture and Prices'; 'An Antiquarian Companion to English History,' by F. P. Barnard; and an authorized translation of Schimper's 'Geography of Plants,' by Percy Groom and W. R. Fisher.

John Lane will shortly publish a second volume of 'Florilegium Latinum,' celebrated passages, mostly from English poets, translated into Latin by the Rev. J. St. John Thackeray and the Rev. E. D. Stone; and 'India's Love Lyrics,' collected by Lawrence Hope.

Directly to be issued by Macmillan Company is A. R. Colquhoun's 'The Mastery of the Pacific," profusely illustrated.

The Psychical Research Society's publications are to be made to do duty in establishing the marvels of Revelation in a volume announced by Thomas Whittaker, 'Psychic Research and Gospel Miracles,' from the pens of Thomas G. Allen, M.D., and the Rev. Edward M. Duff.

'The Next Great Awakening,' by Dr. Josiah Strong, which Baker & Taylor Co. have in press, is a prophecy of a new religious revival during the present century. The same firm promises 'Parliamentary Usage for Women's Clubs,' by Mrs. Emma A. Fox.

'Bramble Brae,' the collected poems of Robert Bridges ("Droch"), and 'According to the Season,' talks about the flowers in the order of their appearance in the woods and fields, by Mrs. Frances Theodora Parsons, with drawings by Elsie Louise Shaw, are to be published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

A. Wessels Co. will add to the late Grant Allen's series of "Historical Guides" a volume on 'Umbrian Towns,' by J. W. and A. M. Cruickshank. They are also about to bring out a volume of verse, 'The Nameless Hero,' by James Blythe Anderson.

L. C. Page & Co. have nearly ready 'The Best of Balzac,' edited by Alexander Jessup.

There must be a scramble for the limited edition of a work on Italian bookplates, 'Gli Ex Libris Italiani' (Milan: Ulrico Hoepli; New York: Lemcke & Büchner), a handsome quarto, to judge from the prospectus, with the usual illustrations, under the joint editorship of Achille Bertarelli and David Henry Prior.

The 'Lectures and Essays' of the late William Kingston Clifford were first published in 1879, the year of his untimely death at the age of thirty-three, and were reviewed by us at considerable length on their appearance. There has been an intermediate edition preceding the third (in two handy volumes, "Globe 8vo") now issued by Macmillan. The literary remains, therefore, of this most promising man of genius have maintained a vital currency for nearly as long a term as was vouchsafed him in living. "Conditions of Mental Development," "On Theories of the Physical Forces," "Aims of Scientific Thought," "Atoms," "The Unseen Universe," "Body and Mind," "Right and Wrong," "The Ethics of Belief," "The Ethics of Religion," "Cosmic Emotions"—such are some of the themes considered by Clifford, whose appeal would seem to be to a select class of minds that reason freely about mathematical, philosophical, and general scientific conceptions. And so it is as a whole, but at the same time the author's

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popular style will beguile those whom his subjects might daunt, and he can light up a discourse on "Right and Wrong" with an apt illustration from his brother mathematician's 'Through the Looking-Glass' of *Cogito, ergo sum.*

The latest issues of the Bell-Macmillan "Great Masters" series are 'Rembrandt,' by Malcolm Bell, and 'Giotto,' by F. Mason Perkins. The 'Rembrandt' is merely an abridgment of Mr. Bell's previous book on the same subject, published in 1899 and reviewed by us at the time; but Mr. Perkins's work is, in more ways than one, an original contribution to the series. Mr. Perkins has ideas of his own on the chronology of Giotto's work, and sets them forth lucidly, together with his conclusions as to the authenticity and state of restoration of various pictures. There is nothing of the compiler about him—he is a critic to be reckoned with. Naturally enough, he is over-enthusiastic about the artist whose works have been his special study, and greatly overrates, not the initial force of Giotto, but his actual achievement.

Inexpensive little books on art subjects multiply apace. Miss Estelle M. Hurll adds a 'Correggio' to her "Riverside Art Series" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.); and to "Bell's Miniature Series of Painters" (Macmillan) is added a 'Watteau,' by Edgcumbe Stanley, B.A. The omission from the illustrations of the 'Correggio' of that master's great nude pictures of mythological subjects, probably thought necessary for a juvenile public, renders the selection unusually non-representative, while the inevitable reproductions from Toschi's copies are, as usual, entirely unjust to the merit of the originals. Mr. Stanley is, apparently, right enough as to his facts, and fair enough as to his criticism, but he has not made an interesting book. If he thought "the somewhat frequent use of French words and quotations . . . warranted by the peculiarly French character of art *à la Watteau*," he should have endeavored to secure the services of a proofreader with a competent knowledge of French. "Je scarvis mon Saint Nicholas par cœur, et je ne passois d'original" (p. 9) not only is hopelessly deformed in its first clause, but conveys, in its second, tne exact reverse of the idea that Watteau meant to express. A particularly funny blunder is that on page 40, where we are told that Watteau "was especially fond of drawing the *backs* of his figures, that he might depict the various beautiful *coiffeurs* of the period." These "beautiful hair-dressers" turn up once and again in the book, to the exclusion of their handiwork, with a persistence hardly to be laid to the account of the long-suffering compositor.

'Stories of the Tuscan Artists,' by Albinia Wherry (London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.), is calculated for the infant mind and for the longitude of London, and need not be taken very seriously by the adult or the Westerner. The stories are not retold entirely without warning of their mythical character, but the attitude is hardly critical, and the style is somewhat goody-goody, not to say mushy.

'The Saints in Christian Art,' or 'Lives and Legends of the Evangelists, Apostles, and Other Early Saints'—we do not pretend to say which is the correct title; one is on the cover, the other on the title-page—is written by Mrs. Arthur Bell and published by Bell in London and Macmillan in New York. The plan of the book is to take up in chronological order the saints dealt with. "Wherever possible, the actual historical facts of the life of each saint are first given, then the legends which have gathered round the nucleus of truth are related. The general characteristics by which a saint may be recognized are enumerated and explained, the patronage assigned to him or her, with its reason, is stated, and examples are given of typical works of art in which the saint under notice is introduced, either as a principal or an accessory figure." The work seems to be well enough done, and will possess a certain utility for those who are anxious about the exact subject of a work of art, and, perhaps, a greater to the worried designer of ecclesiastical art.

In 'Nature and Character at Granite Bay' (New York: Eaton & Mains), Daniel A. Goodsell writes of the scenery, flowers, and birds around his summer home on Long Island Sound, of the quiet pleasures of life there, and of certain "natives" who are his neighbors. To members of the summer colony at Granite Bay the book, with its many details, will be full of interest; but few other readers will find that either subject or treatment repays the long ramble through its pages.

The Macmillan Co. publishes, newly revised and translated, Esmarch's well-known 'Surgical Technic,' edited by Senn of Chicago. Its condensed text is effectively illustrated by fifteen hundred woodcuts and fifteen colored plates. Pictures do not make surgeons, but pictures help the memory and save words.

Longmans, Green & Co. publish the illustrated fourth edition of Dr. P. W. Williams's authoritative 'Diseases of the Upper Respiratory Tract.' As greater importance becomes attached to the chronic affections of the nose and throat, the value of such special studies is more widely recognized. A particular feature of this volume is thirteen excellent stereoscopic anatomical plates, for whose better observation a stereoscope is furnished in a pocket of the cover. There are twenty-four more plates, some colored, and about 200 cuts.

In his study of the bacterial flora of cultivated soils, Mr. F. D. Chester of the Delaware College Agricultural Experiment Station found great difficulty in satisfying himself which forms were, and which were not, already known to science. He therefore arranged for his own convenience such bacteria as had already been described, and now publishes his work for the benefit of others as 'A Manual of Determinative Bacteriology' (Macmillan). He expressly disclaims that it is anything more than the name implies, for he recognizes that a satisfactory system of bacterial classification cannot be expected with our present knowledge. We believe that it will be, as the author hopes, a convenient guide for the student with cultures to identify, and as such will prove a valuable adjunct to the elaborate manuals of this microscopic science.

Dr. S. Solis-Cohen is editing a 'System of Physiologic Therapeutics' (Philadelphia: Blakiston & Co.), of which four volumes of the whole eleven have been published. Physiologic therapeutics is utilizing the natural forces of nature, as supplementary and occasionally substitutive means, rather than drug-giving, for the treatment and (more important) the prevention of disease. But the accomplished editor is careful to make it clear that he is neither antagonizing nor decrying the use of the more ordinary measures under appropriate conditions. The first two volumes are upon electro-therapy, the apparatus for generating electricity and its application in disease, by Dr. George W. Jacoby, with special articles by other competent writers. There is notoriously so much charlatanry connected with electro-therapeutics that it is refreshing to find a clearly written work, neither credulous nor skeptical, upon this force. The next two volumes, by Dr. Weber for Europe and Dr. Hinsdale for America, are devoted to climatology, sketches of health resorts, and the indications which various diseases present for climatic treatment. They form practically a medical gazetteer, accounting accurately, as far as we have been able to observe, for numberless places of every description.

'Volks- und Seewirthschaft,' by Prof. Dr. Ernst von Halle (Berlin: Mittler & Sohn), contains in two volumes twelve essays, nearly all of them more or less directly concerned with Germany's economical interests and world politics. The author, though one of the "Flottenprofessoren," is not one-sided, and sees no inconsistency in combining naval expansion with a conservative agrarian policy. The longest essay of the series, "Deutschland am Ende des XIX. Jahrhunderts" (i., 13-135), is a study in statistics which may be read with interest and profit by all who are in want of reliable information on Germany's development, mainly on the material side, since the foundation of the new empire. That the writer has obtained his material largely at first hand, that he has himself visited the countries of which he writes, appears in his essay on "Die wirthschaftliche Entfaltung Mexicos und der Weltmarkt (1901)" (ii., 84-146), and elsewhere. His discussion, on an historical basis, of American Imperialism, "Die Bedeutung des nordamerikanischen Imperialismus (1900-1901)," shows his familiarity not only with political events, but also with political methods and thought in this country. It is all the more surprising that Mr. Bryan's approval of the cession of the Philippines should have led the author into the comical error of making the Democratic candidate for the Presidency a member of the Paris Peace Commission.

In the February Bulletin of the Boston Public Library are printed two interesting papers on the counterfeiting of colony bills of credit—an evil inseparable from the use of paper money. The depositions printed at length are dated 1735 and 1739, respectively, and give a very clear idea of the methods employed by the swindlers, and of the ease with which their operations were conducted on quite a large scale. It is somewhat startling to learn that the engraver of the plates used by the Province was also willing to make plates for the counterfeit product; but the ready resort of the Government to the printing-press really invited multiplication of the bills, and the blame must lie with the legislators who put a premium on dishonesty. Was it the depreciation of the bills in circulation that led to the counter-

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feiting of the notes of higher denominations —the three and five-pound notes? These legal documents open up a number of questions on the social condition of Massachusetts and Rhode Island when paper was plenty. The same Bulletin contains an interesting paper by John Marshall, and a letter from North Carolina, dated 1721, on an Indian unjustly seized as a slave.

The mural sculptures and paintings of the Egyptians, as well as their mummies, assure us of the permanency of the type of certain of the human races for at least 5,000 years; and Miss Lillian C. Smythe, in an interesting paper on "The Ancient History of the Greyhound," in the *Stockkeeper's* Christmas Supplement, reproduces pictures of the greyhound from the tombs of Beni Hassan of the thirteenth dynasty, and from steles of about the same date, and also photographs of a wrapped and unwrapped head of a greyhound, in the British Museum, mummified about 1300 B. C. So little variation has taken place in this breed of dog that the pictures of 2500 B. C., the mummy of 1300 B. C., and the greyhound of to-day can, as pointed out by Miss Smythe, be all described with equal accuracy by the fifteenth-century rhyme:

"Heided like a Snake; neckyd lyke a Drake;
Fotyd like a Catte; tayllyd lyke a Ratte;
Syded like a Braeme; chynyd lyke a Beme."

The special winter number of the *Studio* is devoted to modern designs in jewelry and fans. There are separate sections relating to the work of French, British, Austrian, German, Belgian, and Danish designers, and each is prefaced by a short sketch by a writer presumably especially acquainted with the subject. The objects illustrated show much fine workmanship and a great deal of vitality of design, but are all surprisingly alike in their diversity, being all in that style, or lack of style, which the *Studio* has done so much to familiarize us with—a style marked by a determined modernness and by "originality" at all hazards. A few of the best pieces, particularly in the French section, are beautiful as well as new, but the most are ugly as well as affected. In his preface to the French section, M. Gabriel Mourey has a few words which might well apply to the whole collection. "Such, briefly," he says, "is the modern art-jewelry movement in France. Its intensity, as one sees, is so great as to be almost alarming. Whither is it tending? Some of its excesses are dangerous; what will be the result? M. Émile Molinier, in a recent article on 'Objects of Art in the Salons of 1901,' expresses certain fears which I share. He dreads a reaction due to the eccentricities of certain artists, to their love of the outrageous and the bizarre, to their lack of proportion, both in form and in choice of material. 'It would really be a pity,' he says, 'if so promising a revival of the true artistic jewelry should come to a bad end. Happily, we have not reached that point yet, but it is a result which may soon be reached if artists continue to foist these weird things on the public. A fashion in jewelry should last longer than a fashion in dresses or in hats; but it should not be forgotten that it must rely in the long run on its appropriateness and adaptability.'"

From the publishers of the *Studio* come also the first two parts of 'English Water-Color,' with reproductions in color of drawings by well-known English water-color painters and a text by Frederick Wedmore. Here the atmosphere is as conventional and old-fashioned as in the other publication it is ultra-modern. The publishers declare that the plates are "reproduced by an expensive special process which gives the nearest facsimile effects ever yet obtained." If this be true, it shows how entirely conventional was the coloring of the older water-color painters, most of these plates being hot and brown, and with no resemblance to nature's scheme of color or to the full scale of the great colorists. Harding, clever drawing-master as he was, stands out among his fellows because he shows an appreciation of blue and green. Of the sixteen plates so far issued the most interesting is a bold sketch, by J. M. Swan, of a "Jaguar and Macaw." The work will be completed in eight parts, and each subscriber for the whole series will be presented with a portfolio to contain it.

"The Teaching of Geography," by Prof. R. S. Tarr of Cornell, in the *National Geographic Magazine* for February, is a plea for the better training of teachers, in which the foundation of a university school of geography is advocated, as well as the introduction of the Continental method of primary instruction in the geography of the home as the basis of the study of distant lands. Mr. E. J. Hill gives a rather meagre account of a trip through Siberia. He was most impressed with the great progress made in opening up the country, with its wonderful natural resources, and with the "splendid opening which it affords for the sale of American farming and mining machinery." A humorous reference to the massacre of the Chinese on the Amur is not in good taste, especially where the writer goes on to say that "a Russian gentleman told me that at Aigun alone ten thousand Chinese found a watery grave, and that the Cossacks on the Amur had been drinking vodka and living on the plunder from Mantchuria ever since."

Some noteworthy items to be culled from the Harvard College volume of annual reports (among which that of the Athletic Committee is to be regularly incorporated hereafter) are the establishment of a small experimental garden in Cuba; the recount of the Library (with a correction of former exaggerations), and "the cataloguing, either completely or partially, of some 440 uncatalogued volumes all belonging to the Library before the present public catalogue was begun, and some even going back to before the fire of 1764"; the attempt of the Prussian Government to secure Harvard's assistant professor of chemistry for Göttingen; and the flying of kites for meteorological purposes for five days on an eastbound transatlantic steamer.

The collection of the late octogenarian Comte de Limur, former Vice-President of the Société Géographique de France, is for sale to any purchaser ready to preserve it with the Count's name attached, in the interest of science. The palæontological section is especially remarkable for its primitive specimens; the mineralogical comprises 142 cases representing the entire globe, and classified according to Dufrenoy's method. Offers or inquiries should be addressed to the present Comte de Limur, Rue Thiers, Vannes, Morbihan, France.

—The sudden death of James Bradley Thayer at Cambridge, Mass., on February 14, deprives the Harvard Law School of one of its greatest ornaments, and removes a legal writer whom it would be hard to match for learning, clear and convincing exposition, and weight of authority. This journal also suffers in the cessation of a friendly collaboration covering nearly a score of years. Professor Thayer was a native of Haverhill, Mass., but received his early education mainly in Northampton, while by marriage with the daughter of the Rev. Samuel Ripley he became intimate with the circle of Concord philosophers. His Northampton experience laid the foundation of his close friendship with the late Chauncey Wright, afterwards his college classmate, whose Letters he edited biographically in 1877 in a model manner. With Concord, on the other hand, is associated his 'Western Journey with Mr. Emerson,' published seven years later. He obtained the higher education at Harvard on slender means and by dint of teaching in the college intervals. He graduated A. B. in 1852, and from the Law School in 1856, entering directly into practice in Boston as a member of the Suffolk bar, and being made Master in Chancery in 1864. Ten years later he was called to the Weld professorship in the Harvard Law School, where he added to the labors of instruction the composition of masterly text-books on 'The Origin and Scope of the American Doctrine of Constitutional Law,' 'Cases on Evidence,' 'Cases on Constitutional Law,' 'The Development of Trial by Jury,' and his great 'Preliminary Treatise on Evidence at the Common Law.' These works have been currently reviewed in our columns, and we need say no more of them than that they have fixed Professor Thayer's reputation in the very front rank of legists on either side of the Atlantic. As a lecturer he was far from fluent or decisive, but his writings were a delight to the intellect. He took a warm interest in the study of the historical evolution of law, and consequently in the fortunes of the Selden Society, the publication of the Year-books, of Bracton's Note-books, and kindred antiquarianism. His two non-legal works mentioned above prove his exceptional literary endowment, and nothing but his high achievement in his chosen profession could reconcile us to his diversion from a purely literary life. His personality was engaging. His death followed by one month the completion of his seventy-first year.

—The Oxford Historical Society, which was founded in 1884, has already brought out many learned books, and some that are readable, but volume xli. of its publications possesses quite an exceptional character. A large number of the preceding works in the same series have been closed to the generality of readers, simply because they form the material of history and are in no sense historical literature themselves. It is far otherwise with the present issue, which is called 'Studies in Oxford History,' and bears upon its title-page the name of J. R. Green (Macmillan). While the Rev. George Roberson is also a contributor, the book in the main is Green's, and bears throughout the mark of his qualities. This is quite as it should be, for the Oxford Historical Society was his creation, and has in several important respects kept to the programme of activity which he mapped out during those last months when he was so ill, yet so indefatigable. Readers of the 'Letters' will remember that Green was born

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at Oxford, and though some of his academic associations were not altogether happy, he kept alive a strong affection for the town and a strong interest in the University. Mrs. Green says: "I well remember the passionate enthusiasm with which he watched from the train for the first sight of the Oxford towers against the sky." Early associations and unswerving fondness will account, then, for the writing of these essays. All of them centre about Oxford, and are conceived in much the same spirit, but they appeared at different times and differ widely in form. First comes an article on the early history of Oxford, which was originally published in *Macmillan's Magazine;* then follow twenty-two short papers on Oxford during the eighteenth century; and, finally, there are two sketches taken from the *Saturday Review*—the one called "Young Oxford," the other, "Oxford as It Is." Of the whole collection, the eighteenth-century series is decidedly the longest, and as a peculiar product of the author it deserves to stand first. It was here that Green proved his mettle when still an undergraduate, and all but unknown to the teachers of his own university. A local newspaper, the *Oxford Chronicle*, wanted some "copy," and Green supplied it, giving much better value than was required by the needs of the case. He was then reading outside the lines of the curriculum, and he took his degree without winning a place in the honor lists, but, thanks to this opportunity, he did not leave Jesus College before he had given some sign of exceptional talent. The articles on eighteenth-century Oxford rise far above the average of undergraduate attainment in the field of literature, even if we exclude the element of historical research from the praise which it deserves. They may be indebted for occasional suggestions to Macaulay's third chapter, but they are by no means an imitation of it. On all accounts we are glad that the Oxford Historical Society has honored the memory of its founder by publishing the present volume.

—'King Monmouth,' by Allan Fea (Lane), is a volume which closely resembles in guise and character the same author's 'Flight of the King.' Having already traced the escape of Charles II. after his disastrous defeat at Worcester, Mr. Fea advances a generation, and, with the aid of copious illustrations, describes the career of Charles's son. He thus in the two works traverses the latter part of the seventeenth century through nearly the whole of its course, giving many glimpses of English life in the country and at court. It would be an injustice to say that both books derive their value from the pictures, but it is only fair to emphasize the presence of a strong pictorial element. There are in 'King Monmouth' fourteen photogravure portraits, besides nearly ninety half-tone illustrations. Although some of the latter are not very well executed, the selection of subjects is in all cases good, and the reproduction of so many apartments and country houses harmonizes well with the semi-biographical, semi-antiquarian strain of the narrative. The text itself reveals a certain indebtedness to Roberts's Life of Monmouth, now more than fifty years old, but numerous documents have come to light since then which Mr. Fea uses with good effect. For example, the archives of Drayton House, Northamptonshire, which have been made accessible by the Ninth Report of the Historical Manuscripts Commission, furnish important information regarding the movements of King James's troops during the Sedgemoor campaign; and the jail-books of Taunton, which were produced by Mr. Inderwick in 1889, add fresh details concerning the results of the Rebellion. The career of Monmouth touches all the salient points of English political history from 1670 to 1685, and Mr. Fea has gleaned his material from a wide range of sources, both official and private. After all, the story remains one of an unfortunate origin, a bad bringing up, and a weak character. Monmouth's youth was set off by a little cheap popularity and a reputation for daring; circumstances made him a tool in the hands of reckless politicians, and he ended by becoming the unheroic victim of an ill-judged adventure. He lived in a bad age, and was misguided by evil companions, but under no probable conditions could he have risen to true eminence. Mr. Fea avoids all temptation to rehabilitate him, leaving his "weak and superstitious mind" to express itself through his actions. Indeed, this is a book which shuns the pathetic and romantic by keeping to a matter-of-fact strain of historical gossip. No course could have been wiser, for in the generation of Oates and Jeffreys public life was pestilential. Even Sidney and Russell have ceased to be looked upon altogether as national martyrs!

—'Maids and Matrons of New France,' by Mary Sifton Pepper (Little, Brown & Co.), is a volume of historical biography which covers the entire period of the old régime in Canada. The title is a good one and the subject is also good, for from an early date the history of French life in America is adorned by the actions of courageous and humane women. The author compares the fame of the nineteen heroines who came over in the *Mayflower* with the comparative obscurity of the French ladies who accompanied Champlain, Maisonneuve, and their successors. When writing thus, she doubtless has in mind an American audience, inasmuch as there is no disposition on the part of French Canadians to forget the worthies of their own race. Jeanne Mance is still remembered in Montreal; and that Mère Marie l'Incarnation is not forgotten at Quebec, the three volumes of the Abbé Casgrain testify. Not unnaturally, Miss Pepper fixes her attention upon the foundation of the colony more steadily than upon any other single period. The most striking names are to be met with at that time, and all the circumstances contribute to heighten the interest which springs from the story of piety and good works. After the arrival of the Carignan regiment, corruption crept in, and when it comes to the Seven Years' War, the social life of Quebec under Bigot is not a theme for the sentimentalist. Miss Pepper recognizes that Mme. de Pean is but a poor figure in comparison with Mme. de la Peltrie or Marguerite Bourgeois. Part of the subjects are drawn from Acadia, as in the case of Mme. de Guercheville and Mme. de la Tour, part from Quebec and part from Montreal. None of the essays are long and none of them contain any new material, but they are not unlikely to serve their purpose of arousing a greater interest in the women of New France than now exists among English readers. With one remark, however, of Miss Pepper we cannot bring ourselves to agree. After pointing out that members of the religious sisterhoods preceded the first batch of wives by nearly a century, she observes: "If the order had been reversed, New France might still be vying with her neighbor, New England, in prosperity and progress."

BRYCE'S STUDIES IN HISTORY AND JURISPRUDENCE.

Studies in History and Jurisprudence. By James Bryce. Henry Frowde. 1901.

Mr. Bryce's publishers have treated him rather shabbily. We should, in any case, hardly have expected the Oxford University Press to emit a volume as little attractive in paper and in binding as a public document, and of similar awkward dimensions. No volume that is to be read, and not merely consulted, ought to contain more than nine hundred pages rather closely printed in rather small type. Especially is it true that no writer so honored in America as Mr. Bryce should have his work presented in a shape to weary both the eyes and hands of his admirers. And, whether he is here peculiarly appreciated or not, his reputation is such as to make it proper to give his works a dress corresponding with their value, and one that shall adorn the libraries that they will enrich.

The value of these studies is indicated by the mere enumeration of their titles. They number sixteen, five of which involve comparison of the Roman and British empires. Three of these are technical—"Methods of Law-making in Rome and in England," "The History of Legal Development at Rome and in England," and "Marriage and Divorce in Roman and in English Law." Two involve generalizations which may be properly called magnificent—"The Roman Empire and the British Empire in India" and "The Extension of Roman and English Law throughout the World." Four essays are mainly descriptive and historical—"Primitive Iceland," "The Constitution of the United States as Seen in the Past," "Two South African Constitutions," and "The Constitution of the Commonwealth of Australia." The rest may be classed as belonging to political philosophy—"Flexible and Rigid Constitutions," "The Action of Centripetal and Centrifugal Forces on Political Constitutions," "Obedience," "The Nature of Sovereignty," "The Law of Nature," "The Methods of Legal Science," and "The Relations of Law and Religion."

Taken as a whole, these essays constitute an incomparable treatise on the legal aspects of history. Mr. Bryce observes that the longer one lives, the more is one impressed by the close connection between the old Greco-Italian world and our own.

"The current of study and education is at present setting so strongly towards the sciences of nature that it becomes all the more needful for those who value historical inquiry and the literature of the past, to do what they can to bring that old world into a definite and tangible relation with the modern time—a relation which shall be not only stimulative but practically helpful."

With this aim, Mr. Bryce has attempted, and in our judgment, with great success, to bring out the often neglected constitutional

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and legal element in history, and to present topics commonly avoided, because of their supposed dryness, in a way to make them intelligible to readers who have some general knowledge of history, but little special knowledge of law. Such an undertaking is altogether beyond the powers of mere scholarship, however extensive, and must be left for the exceptional men who, like Sir H. Maine, combine with profound learning the genius for generalization and the gift of lucid expression. When we consider that these essays represent the study and reflection of thirty years, clarified and corrected by much travel and contact with men of thought and action all over the world, one may well regard them as a splendid addition to the literature of political science.

It is, of course, impracticable here to attempt any adequate criticism of so extensive a work, and we must content ourselves with a few rather haphazard observations. We naturally turn first to the essays relating to the Constitution of our own country, and note as of exceptional value the critical examination of the views set forth in the 'Federalist,' and in Tocqueville's 'Democracy in America.' The latter work is now little read, and Mr. Bryce's careful analysis amounts to a summary of its contents which will, for most purposes, supersede the original. He gives Tocqueville full credit for the elegance and refinement of his reasonings, and the acuteness of his observation. Tocqueville's book is a classic; "no book of the generation to which he belonged contains more solid wisdom in a more attractive dress." But he did not know enough of England to understand to how great an extent her institutions had been reproduced in America. Moreover, he had France always in mind, and was prone to regard as abnormal what was merely un-French; and, after all, "it is not democracy in America he describes, but his own theoretic view of democracy illustrated from America." Nevertheless, Mr. Bryce heartily testifies to the permanent merits of Tocqueville's work, and criticises it in a spirit of most appreciative sympathy.

The writers of the 'Federalist,' like Tocqueville, failed to foresee the development of the party system—a failure which has vitiated many of their predictions. This does not impeach their wisdom, for this development is a perfectly new thing in the history of the world, and there is little creative imagination in the field of politics. Their wisdom, too, is proved by the fact that none of the objections raised against the Constitution has been sustained by the event. We are inclined to question Mr. Bryce's view that the credit of the Supreme Court has not been seriously diminished. He thinks that it "may possibly have suffered slightly" because of its treatment of the Legal Tender question. Many of our best lawyers thought that its course in that matter subverted the doctrine of limited powers, and recent events have confirmed their judgment. Not long after, Chief Justice Waite, in giving the opinion of the Court in the grain-elevator cases, declared that, to correct abuses of power by the Legislature, the people must resort to the polls and not to the courts. This doctrine has been lately reaffirmed; but it is incompatible with the function of maintaining the Constitution as the supreme law asserted in the first place by John Marshall, and ever since the most important and distinctive prerogative of our courts. At the present moment we fear that most Americans, even of the educated class, regard Mr. Dooley's estimate of the Supreme Court as substantially correct.

We must reluctantly pass over without comment the suggestive chapters on Flexible and Rigid Constitutions and Centripetal and Centrifugal Forces, although they can be disregarded by no student of politics. The exposition of the Constitution of Australia has especial interest for us on account of the comparisons which it draws between that instrument and the Constitutions of the United States and of Canada. In sublimity of subject the essays comparing the Roman and British Empires can hardly be surpassed. Mr. Bryce seems to consider that oligarchies of the republican type are alone capable of building up empires, and, regarding Russia as a despotic hereditary monarchy, he has some trouble in explaining her success. But is it not explained by considering Russia as really ruled by an oligarchy? Not long since, when it was decided to expend a great sum in increasing her navy, the Czar told his Minister in effect that he knew nothing of the military needs or the financial resources of his Government, and must assume that what his Minister said was true. "Knowledge is power" is an aphorism valid in politics, and the great officers of the Russian Government know more about it than any Czar can learn.

The contrast drawn between the tasks of the Romans and the British is made striking by the clearness with which the two elements of religion and color are brought out. The peoples conquered by the Romans could be assimilated because they were of the same color as the Romans, and because neither they nor the Romans had any religion, in the modern sense. But surely Mr. Bryce goes too far in saying, "Possibly the first injunctions to have regard to religion in choosing a consort that were ever issued in the ancient world were such as that given by St. Paul when he said, 'Be not unequally yoked together with unbelievers.'" St. Paul could have found precedents enough in the Pentateuch. It must be admitted, however, that the English Governors in India have displayed an indifferentism in religion equal to that of Gallio, and have done even less in the way of persecution than the Romans. But distance, climate, color, race, and religion together render it for ever impossible that the inhabitants of India and those of England should become one people. India is ruled, on the whole, with justice, and with amazing success; but so long as she is ruled by England she will be ruled like a conquered province. "To India severance from England would mean confusion, bloodshed, and pillage." To England severance need involve no lasting injury. The possession of India adds to her fame, but not to her strength.

It is natural to ask of one who so thoroughly knows the past, what he can tell us of the future. Mr. Bryce disclaims any gift of prophecy, but occasionally his statements of what has been established by experience are precise enough to enable us to judge what may and what may not be anticipated. In speaking of flexible constitutions, he observes that the mass of a nation are, and must be, like passengers on board an ocean steamer,

"who hear the clank of the engine and watch the stroke of the piston, and admire the revolution of the larger wheels, and know that steam acts by expansion, but do not know how the less conspicuous but not less essential parts of the machinery play into the other parts, and have little notion of the use of fly-wheels and connecting-rods and regulators. . . . In the early stages of national life, the masses are usually as well content to leave governing to a small class, as passengers are to trust the captain and the engineers. But when the masses obtain, and feel that they have obtained, the sovereignty of the country, this acquiescence can no longer be counted on. Men without the requisite knowledge or training; men who, to revert to our illustration, know no more than that steam acts by expansion, and that a motion in straight lines has to be converted into a rotary one; men who are not even aware of the need for knowledge and training; men with little respect for precedents, and little capacity for understanding their bearing—may take command of engines and ship, and the representative assembly may be filled by those who have no sense of the dangers to which an abuse of the vast powers of the assembly may lead."

In the essay on Obedience this line of thought is carried further. Political obedience is not to be explained, as Hobbes and Bentham explained it, as originating in compulsion, nor with Rousseau, as the result of agreement. It is a form of compliance in general, the motives to which are Indolence, Deference, Sympathy, Fear, Reason; but the greatest of these is Indolence. It is a case of motion in the line of least resistance. Those who love exertion are exceptional men; and the moments when exertion is loved are exceptional moments. To the vast majority of mankind, nothing is more agreeable than to choose only those forms of exertion that are pleasurable and not fatiguing. This is true of the effort of thinking; to most people nothing is more troublesome.

"Protestants have been apt to assume that the natural and normal attitude of man in religious matters is independence—a wish to seek out truth for himself, a sense of the duty of consulting his own conscience; whereas the opposite is the fact, and those religious systems take the greatest hold upon man which leave least to individual choice, and inculcate, not merely humility towards the unseen powers, but the duty of implicitly accepting definite traditions, or of revering and following visible ecclesiastical guides."

It may be admitted that in so far as the exercise of Will implies a conscious exertion of rational choice, it is characteristic of Man alone. But in most men the want of individual Will—that is, the proneness to comply with or follow the will of another—is the specially conspicuous phenomenon. This explains the history of the East; this shows how political theories must be modified:

"The abstract love of liberty, the desire to secure self-government for its own sake, apart from the benefits to be reaped from it, has been a comparatively feeble passion, even in nations far advanced in political development. . . . It used to be believed, perhaps it is still generally believed, that, with the advance of knowledge, the development of intelligence, and the accumulation of human experience, Obedience must necessarily decline, and that therewith governmental control will decay or be deemed superfluous, the good sense of mankind coming in to do for themselves what authority has hitherto done for them."

Experience has not justified this belief, and we must conclude that the

"theoretic democratic ideal of men as each

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of them possessing and exerting an independent reason, conscience, and will, is an ideal too remote from human nature as we know it, and from communities as they now exist, to be within the horizon of the next few centuries, perhaps of all the centuries that may elapse before we are covered by the ice fields again descending from the Pole, or are ultimately engulfed in the sun."

The tendencies of human nature which make for obedience, Mr. Bryce concludes, have not become, and are not likely to become, less powerful than they were. There is less compulsion than of old in the sphere of religion, physical force plays a smaller part than in the ruder ages. But Indolence, Deference, and Sympathy, rather than Reason and the pride of personal independence, have filled the void which the less frequent appeal to physical force has left. Do the events of the last seventy years, during which power has, at least in form and semblance, passed from the few to the many, encourage the belief that the spirit of independence, the standard of public duty, and the sense of responsibility in each individual for the conduct of government are really advancing? The events of the last few years in England and America answer the question. The most that a reasonable optimist may venture to hope for is, that "the masses" of democratic countries in the future, since they must follow a small number of leaders, will attain such virtue and wisdom as to select the right leaders. To hope for more than this is to hope for what history affords little reason to believe is attainable.

ROSS'S FLORENTINE VILLAS.

Florentine Villas. By Janet Ross. With reproductions in photogravure from Zocchi's etchings, and many line drawings of the villas by Nelly Erichsen. London: J. M. Dent; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1901.

The stately villas among the olive-clad hills of Florence are one of the city's charms. They invite attention by their importance in the landscape, catching the sun's rays like jewels among the trees. There has been hitherto no book devoted to their history, so that Mrs. Ross's sumptuous volume supplies a distinct want. The reproduction of Zocchi's etchings from 'Vedute delle Ville ed altri luoghi della Toscana,' published in 1744, is a happy inspiration, for we thus see many of the villas as they were meant to be, surrounded by groves of trees and formal gardens, their true setting; while now a host of small and unimportant houses cover the land and destroy the architectural effect of these splendid summer palaces. Zocchi is little known as a painter; he decorated the Serristori and Rinuccini palaces, and died in 1767. Besides these etchings, the book is full of recent drawings by Miss Nelly Erichsen, who gives us all that is most picturesque and characteristic of Tuscan gardens, so that we can compare what was with what remains, and congratulate ourselves that nineteenth-century progress, even at its worst, has not been able to spoil the character of the Florentine countryside.

It was during the Medicean epoch, when a more luxurious manner of life became usual, that architects such as Michelozzi, Ammannati, and Buontalenti were called in to adapt ancient villas till then more like fortified castles, or to build new ones more fitted to the requirements of the age. The villeggiatura, then as now, was regarded as indispensable. In order that the various members of a family might install themselves with all their belongings in their country villas for the summer months without friction, it was necessary that plenty of space should be available. The Medici owned at one time or another the majority of the most important villas. We shall come to them later, for Mrs. Ross begins the series with the Villa Palmieri, now belonging to the Earl of Crawford, to which Queen Victoria came in search of sunshine and rest in the spring of 1888 and again in 1893. Its earliest association is with the Decameron. Baldelli, in his Life of Boccaccio, tells that this writer owned a little villa at Maiano and therefore described the surrounding country. Poggio Gherardo, Mrs. Ross's present home, Baldelli recognizes as the first halting-place of the Decameron party, and the sumptuous Schifanoia (now the Palmieri Villa, then belonging to Cioni de' Fini), as the retreat for the second day. In the fourteenth century Schifanoia (otherwise "Banish Care") was bought by the Tolomei and called Palazzo de' tre Visi, because of a bas-relief of the Trinity or a fountain with the head of Janus. It was next bought by Matteo Palmieri, whose descendant Palmiero Palmieri in 1670 transformed it into the beautiful palace it is now and gave it his name. He built the long archway across the road under which the brothers of the Misericordia of Florence met with those of Fiesole in the olden time, and were allowed to rest and have a drink of vinegar and water, after the steep climb. Now that the road has been deviated, the confraternities may be seen resting in the little garden of the entrance.

Another villa on a site which Boccaccio has described is that of Font all' Erta. Roberto Gherardi tells how the fountain was diverted about the year 1710 because it damaged the crops and chilled the land. This fountain was below the villa belonging to the Gaddi family, descendants of the painter Taddeo Gaddi, the friend of Dante. Our author tells us that at the time Florence was being furbished up to become the capital of United Italy, when the old road was being turned into the new boulevard, the remains of a water conduit and cistern of old Roman work were discovered, together with a sacrificial knife, human bones, and fragments of Roman pottery. Above this spot a white spectre like a cloud of moving mist had often been observed, but never appeared again after the new road was made; which would prove that spectres have a sense of fitness. It was Niccolò Gaddi, heir to the property in 1558, who gave the villa its present form. The loggia is supposed to have been designed by Ammannati. Niccolò was illustrious in every sense of the word. Duke Cosimo gave him the mission to announce to the Dukes of Ferrara and Mantua his promotion by the Pope to be Grand Duke of Tuscany; he was Senator also, and had many public charges. His own library, picture gallery, museum of antiquities, were second only to those of the Medici. The Laurentian and Magliabecchiana now possess the greater part of his manuscripts and rare editions; besides which he delighted in his garden, filling it with rare shrubs, trees, plants, and medicinal herbs. It is to Niccolò Gaddi that Florence owes its botanical garden.

Facing us from Font all' Erta is the Landor Villa, belonging to Prof. Willard Fiske. The River Affrico runs through his grounds, and the valley of the Ladies is recognized as being below his garden walls. The lake, of course, has long been filled in. Font all' Erta has been in recent times full of interesting associations, for it was bought in 1850 by Count Giuseppe Pasolini, one of the most distinguished of the patriots who worked for the regeneration of Italy, and here in his villa all the great Liberals met together and deliberated. The villa now belongs to his daughter, the Countess Rasponi della Testa.

The villa of Poggio Gherardo, so different in character from the two villas we have described as connected with Decameron lore, resembles a mediæval castle. Its history dates back to 1321, when Meglino di Magaldo Magaldi left by will the greater part of his property to the Congregation of the Visitation. It was evident that this man had sins to score with heaven, for the object he desired to attain by his munificence was a daily mass for the repose of his soul. His heirs initiated a law suit, but the Congregation got permission from the Cardinal Legate of Pope John XXII., who was at Avignon, to sell the estate; so the villa was sold to two Baroncelli brothers, passed later into the hands of the Albizzi, and later still of the Zati, who sold it in 1433 to Gherardo di Bartolomeo Gherardo. In his family it remained for 455 years. We remember it some years ago in its mediæval grandeur and isolation, a most melancholy and desolate castle, too solid for decay, but entirely untouched by the movement of the present time. It was bought in 1888 by Mr. H. J. Ross, and transformed in many ways, being the home of his well-known collection of orchids. Mrs. Ross tells us that Poggio Gherardo was originally one of the frontier castles which defended Florence from the people of Arezzo and the Casentino; the line of castles with towers, beginning with Castel di Poggio, Vincigliata, and Poggio Gherardo, then extending across the valley and up the opposite bank of the Arno. Poggio Gherardo stands three hundred feet above the plain, and has weathered many sieges; its eastern wing was destroyed by Sir John Hawkwood, and never entirely restored. Roberto Gherardi, at one time the owner of the castle, wrote an interesting account of the country around, which has never been printed. ('La Villeggiatura a Maiano'). From this work Mrs. Ross quotes freely. He was evidently much interested in Boccaccio's connection with the neighborhood, and shows great ingenuity in his identifications, which must naturally be treated as pure conjecture, as also his idea that Boccaccio was born near the banks of the Mensola.

The Medicean villas occupy the greater part of Mrs. Ross's book. There were few important villas which did not, by marriage or by right of confiscation, fall into the hands of some member of the family, besides those expressly built for them. Poggio a Cajano, about ten miles from Florence, founded on the ancient castle by Giuliano di San Gallo for Lorenzo the Magnificent, is so like a fortress, with its bastions and solid walls,

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that the Emperor Charles V., after spending a day there in 1536, created the bastard Alessandro de' Medici Duke of Tuscany, as he regarded the villa unfit for a private citizen. Andrea del Sarto, Franciabigio, and Pontormo, by order of Leo X., decorated the hall in later years with frescoes recording the glories of the Medici. Great festivities took place there in 1539 when Cosimo I. brought his bride Eleanor of Toledo for five days to the villa, on their way from Pisa to Florence. Twenty-six years later, their son, Francesco, met his bride, Joan of Austria, there; and after her death and his secret marriage with his mistress Bianca Capello, it became the favorite residence of the Venetian Grand Duchess, and was the scene of the shooting party in honor of Cardinal Ferdinand, brother and heir to Francesco, which ended with the tragedy of the death of the Grand Duke and of Bianca—whether through her own frustrated attempt to poison the Cardinal or through the latter's deed, remains uncertain.

Cafaggiuolo, although eighteen miles from Florence, is too intimately connected with the Medici to escape mention. According to Vasari, Michelozzo Michelozzi built this palace in the Mugello in the guise of a fortress for Cosimo the elder. Cafaggiuolo was a favorite resort of Lorenzo and Giuliano de' Medici and their friends the Pulci; they found subjects for their poems in their intercourse with the peasants at the fairs and the weekly markets. After the murder of Giuliano by the Pazzi conspiracy, Lorenzo sent his wife and children there for safety with Angelo Poliziano, their tutor, and the Bishop of Arezzo.

The question of the pottery bearing the name of Cafaggiuolo has excited much bitter controversy among the *cognoscenti*. Some assert that the pieces signed Cafaggiuolo were made by a family of Faenza, the Ca' Fagioli. Mrs. Ross cites documents printed in the *Athenæum* to prove that, in 1485, kilns existed in the district. Baccini also mentions, in the list of Cosimo I.'s possessions in 1566, that there were kilns used by potters, makers of vases, and decorative ware (*vascellai*), two of which were near the villa rented by Jacopo di Stefano. Mr. Ormy E. Fortnum, who has a list of Cafaggiuolo ware in his work on majolica, with the marks of the most characteristic pieces, chiefly letters, does not explain those marks, but Signor Baccini supposes them to be the initials of different members of a family from Montelupo, who went to Cafaggiuolo to make the *bocali*—a certain Piero, whose son was Stefano di Piero, and grandson Jacopo di Stefano, above mentioned as the tenant of the kilns in 1566.

It was in 1417 that Cosimo de' Medici bought of Tommaso Lippi, for 800 florins, "a palace with a courtyard, a loggia, a wall, archways, dovecotes, a tower, a walled kitchen-garden, two peasant-houses, and arable land, vineyards, olive groves, and spinnies, in the parish of Careggi," on the hillside which Varchi mentions as "the most delightful hill called Montughi." Michelozzi, Cosimo's favorite architect, was commissioned to turn the place into a castle with battlements, covered galleries, a tower, a drawbridge, and high walls round the gardens. Here Cosimo spent all his leisure from state affairs, with the most distinguished men of the time in literature as in art; here, too, his long life ended in 1464. His son Piero survived him only five years, and was succeeded by the famous Lorenzo, the story of whose death at Careggi is too well known to require telling. After the Medici had been expelled from Florence, Dante and Lorenzo da Castiglione, with other young men, set fire to the villas of Careggi and Castello. The former was much damaged, but the thick walls remained, and Alessandro attempted to restore it to its former splendor when death interrupted his work; he was murdered by Lorenzino, his cousin.

Petraja, Castello, Villa dell' Ambrogiana, Pratolino, Villa Ferdinanda a Artimino, are also Medicean villas, all full of interesting records, which Mrs. Ross presents with ample historic documents. She has been very generous in quoting her authorities, and has had great advantages in obtaining inaccessible sources of information. While telling us about the villas, our author gives us all the history and romance of the people who have inhabited them, descriptions of all the pageants, functions, and ceremonies of which they have been the scene; the crimes they have been witness to—nothing has been withheld. The edition is of only 300 copies.

Famous Houses of Bath and District. By J. F. Meehan. With an Appreciative Introduction by the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava. Illustrated with about sixty reproductions of original drawings and rare prints in the possession of the author. Bath: B. & J. F. Meehan. 1901. Pp. xiv, 228.

Ancient Royal Palaces in and near London. Drawn in Lithography by Thomas R. Way, with Notes compiled by Frederic Chapman. John Lane. 1902. Pp. vi, 175.

Our columns have recently made room for extended descriptions of a three-volume book on some English country houses of the first rank, with their extraordinary surroundings and as extraordinary contents. Now we have to mention a very curious attempt on the part of a Bath bookseller to deal with the houses in and near his beloved city. It is a readable book, for it contains an interesting collection of ana concerning very interesting people. Marshall Wade, the famous maker of those Scotch roads which were so bad "before they were made"; Gainsborough, the painter; Dr. Johnson; Beckford, the tremendous millionaire of the close of the eighteenth century, and the unlucky builder of Fonthill; Shelley and Mary Godwin; Jane Austen, Hannah More, and, supremely important, Beau Nash himself—these are the men and women who lived in Bath for a part at least of their lives, and who have left associations and legends behind them. The illustrations are without merit except this, that they manage to furnish portraits of a certain accuracy of various old houses now gone or altered out of recognition. There is no material here for the delectation of the architectural enthusiast; but there is something for the collector of documents, and he will be glad to study the view of Milsom Street and the more attractive architectural presentation of Shockerwick House.

The second book named above is of a very different character. It has a cloth binding of royal purple with a sowing of Tudor roses, and this splendid outside prepares us for the dithyrambic character which is given to the text. The keynote is struck in the preface, in which it is stated absolutely that the "thirteen palaces or remains of palaces near London" constitute "a more splendid collection of buildings of the kind than any other country can boast of." The reader who is familiar with the buildings is more capable than another would be of sympathizing with the writer, and to understand aright what he means; for, as the next paragraph goes on to say, Westminster, Eltham, Hampton Court contain among them "an unsurpassable trio of Gothic roofs," and it is also true that "Hampton Court is far too living a palace to be allowed to drift entirely into a museum and picture gallery." In like manner, one who knows some of the ins and outs of Kensington Palace, the Banqueting House at Whitehall, and the Tower of London will understand the possibility of an Englishman's enthusiasm. The difficulty is, of course, in the mistaking of these domestic, tranquil, unambitious buildings (whether from that category Hampton Court be excluded or not) with the far more stately buildings that cluster around Paris or are grouped in Berlin and its suburb, Potsdam. But it is fair to say that there is not much insistence on the supreme importance and dignity of the English palaces; it is only now and then that the patriotic touch of exaggeration comes in, while indeed the text deals generally with the historical and semi-historical records of the people who lived and attended to the business of state within the walls of these royal structures rather than with the walls and the roofs themselves.

The peculiar value of this book is, however, the very considerable collection of lithographs which it contains, twenty-four in all; the work of a recognized master in this newly revived art, and all of them treated with express reference to the picture-like quality of the scene represented. They are an interesting lot, and separate plates of the series will undoubtedly become important to collectors. At the same time, it is not to be assumed that each is an important work of art. The simplest ones are naturally the best. The little view of Eltham Palace opposite page 4 is a charming and tranquil picture with great unity of composition, and with even an agreeable reminder of the work (inferior to it, however) of seventy years ago. A contrast to it is afforded as well by the Whitehall view opposite page 56 as by some others. That is a print which seems entirely without artistic significance.

The Furniture of Our Forefathers. By Esther Singleton. With critical descriptions of plates by Russell Sturgis. In eight parts. Doubleday, Page & Co. 1901.

Colonial Furniture in America. By Luke Vincent Lockwood. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1901. Pp. xix, 352. Twelve artotype plates, 293 half-tone cuts in text.

The lively interest nowadays taken in the early history of our country and in the manners and customs of our ancestors has justified the appearance of several books upon their furniture. The subject receives its most extended treatment in Esther Singleton's 'Furniture of Our Forefathers,' which aims to include examples of all the kinds of furniture in use in the American

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colonies from the time of the first settlement at Jamestown to the decline of taste in the early nineteenth century. For many people the chief interest of the book lies in its illustrations, which cover a great range and include pieces of every kind without regard to their origin, provided only that they have at some period been in more or less common use in our own country. To the index to these plates are added notes, sometimes by Esther Singleton, sometimes by Russell Sturgis, which, being historic and critical, are of great value in bringing out points of interest that might not be evident from the plates alone. Mr. Sturgis, in particular, has the faculty of peering into an illustration so closely as to find something well worth saying about it, something which the average reader, unused to the designer's point of view, could scarcely hope, unaided, to find in it, even by the most careful scrutiny.

The text is historical and descriptive. It deals with the course of furniture design in Europe and America from Jacobean times to our own. It enters largely into the question of how the homes of the various classes were furnished at any given time and in any particular part of the Colonies. Original sources of information have been largely consulted, and much space is occupied in reproducing ancient inventories which describe the personal belongings of people in many stations of life. At times such descriptions are worded with reasonable precision, at times with maddening vagueness. Often their interest is heightened by an exact valuation of the articles named. These inventories are the most prominent feature of the earlier parts of the book, but in the later periods the inventories are no longer needed, since many mansions are known in which the old furniture is still in its original position. Descriptions of these houses and their furniture then become the dominant note of the text and serve to maintain its interest. The book is excellently got up. The type is large and clear, the margins wide, the half-tone plates of a high order, and the pen-and-ink drawings scattered through the text are clear and crisp.

Mr. Lockwood furnishes the collector and connoisseur a most useful hand-book, that treats its subject in a systematic and reasonable way. The information contained in it is well arranged and well digested, not merely brought together by accident from scattered sources, as is too often the case in books about old furniture. The method adopted is to treat each class of objects—for example, chairs, tables, chests—in a separate chapter. Such a method demands at some point a discussion of style in furniture and a handling of the history of the furniture of the period covered by the book. This the author gives very satisfactorily in an introduction, in which he points out the intimate relation between the early furniture of this country and that made about the same time in England and Holland. Changes in the design of furniture so plainly reflect political and commercial history that some consideration of such history is most desirable. In tracing the course of style in furniture, changes in politics and commerce are therefore closely followed, and their relations to the furniture of any given period clearly brought out. The introduction constitutes an essay on the history of furniture in the American Colonies of most excellent clearness and breadth, yet of sufficient brevity to avoid the weariness inevitable in an extended pursuit of such a subject.

The plan of treating each class of objects in a separate chapter makes it easy to consult the book for the purpose of gaining information about a given piece of furniture. For instance, should one wish to know about a highboy with bandy legs, scroll-and-flame top, shell enrichments, and pillared angles, he would naturally turn to the chapter on chests of drawers, where, among the many illustrations of such pieces, he would find one of the kind described, and from the text he would soon discover that such highly elaborate chests were of late date, generally made of walnut, that they are found chiefly in Pennsylvania and Virginia, and that five of them, differing slightly in design and detail, may be examined in the Pendleton collection at Providence, R. I.

Detail begins with a chapter on chests. These, at first simple, become later quite elaborate, and by the addition of drawers afford an easy transition to the second subject, that of chests of drawers, which, passing into bureaus, lead to cupboards and sideboards. Chairs occupy a large part of the book, and merge naturally enough into settles, couches, and sofas, which in turn give way to tables. Desks and scrutoirs follow, and the book ends with chapters on mirrors, bedsteads, and clocks. There is no better systematic treatise on Colonial furniture than that of Mr. Lockwood. Although we have spoken of it as a hand-book, it is such only in so far as it is a compact treatment of a large subject. In reality its form is that of a handsome volume (8x11 in.), well printed in large clear type, and illustrated with artotype plates and half-tone cuts of admirable quality.

Dreiunddreissig Jahre in Ost-Asien. Von M. von Brandt. Leipzig: Georg Wigand.

The portraits serving as frontispieces in this brace of volumes of the reminiscences of a German diplomatist are in themselves eloquent. The one is of a handsome old man of the Occident in 1900, and the other of a very young one of the Orient in 1871. They suggest the fascinating story of two great movements—the one of the winning by Germany of a strong place in the politics of the Far East, and the other of the advance of Japan. As we remember the young German Minister of thirty years ago, alert, scholarly, keenly perceptive, and intensely energetic, the contrast with the man of snow-white hair and beard whose kindly, penetrating glance meets us to-day, is suggestive. Von Brandt is the very incarnation of Germany's part in the Far Eastern question. The frontispiece in the second volume is that of the Mikado, Mutsuhito, as we remember seeing him in the palace in '71, with flowing robes of vast amplitude, with his feet cased in stub-toed, bright-colored footgear half a foot above the floor-matting, and an upright stiff pennant of gold rising from his black lacquered cap two feet into the air. He was then a young man only eighteen years old. Now, wearing always in public the dress of a modern sovereign, he is a grandfather and soon to pass a half-century. From Tycoon time to Japan's entrance into the world's commonwealth as an equal and a Power is the space covered in Herr von Brandt's mature lifetime.

In literary quality these two volumes are a delightful surprise. The author wields a practised pen, as those familiar with his diplomatic papers and articles written for the German Asiatic Society know full well. His style is clear and vigorous, and his matter readable. Von Brandt has a keen sense of humor, and most of his judgments are tempered by a charity that belongs to sunny and healthy old age. If rumor has it right, his exit from German diplomatic service after thirty-three years of pioneering and masterful influence was hastened by his marrying an American wife. Certainly his criticisms on Americans are genial and appreciative, without a trace of bitter sarcasm. Indeed, he seems to be severer on the Germans in America than upon the natives of the great republic. He scores his cis-Atlantic countrymen who have gone into politics, for their lack of patience in working out attainable results, and for losing vast benefits because they dreamily expect something better too soon. It will reward, even if it mildly humiliates, some German-Americans to see themselves as they are reflected on these pages.

There seems to be in Von Brandt a strain of the matter-of-fact Englishman rather than of the idealistic Teuton. Perhaps his having spent most of his life away from his own country and among English and Americans has made him, what he is, a very practical and very successful diplomatist. We imagine that Mr. Townsend Harris, of whom he speaks so appreciatingly, and with whom he came in contact very early in his career in Yedo, had a powerful influence upon him at the start. When the Germans had no standing interests and few beyond those of trade in the Far East, Germany itself being (in the East, at least) little more than a geographical expression and without a navy, Von Brandt went out in the Prussian Expedition to Japan in 1860, arriving there just after Mr. Harris had, without a ship or a soldier, by patient tact and courtesy, made his triumphant entrance into Yedo. We have more than once heard the New Yorker tell of the bright young German fellows in Yedo, to whose chief he loaned his secretary, the Dutch-American Heusken, during the Prussian negotiations. Naturally, Mr. Heusken preferred to spend his evenings with cultivated young men of his own age rather than with an elderly gentleman in a lonely temple, when Yedo had not a score of white men within its vast area. The fact of his frequently riding or galloping at night, during a time of political strain, with his occasional disregard of Japanese proprieties, resulted in his assassination. The story of this episode and of his burial forms a pathetic page in the Reminiscences. Yet while all the other foreign envoys left Yedo and retreated to Yokohama, Mr. Harris, following the Japanese advice, kept in at night and also kept the stars and stripes flying in Yedo.

Herr von Brandt's chapters on Nagasaki, Tientsin, Peking, Canton, and Siam are interesting as clear word-pictures of thirty years ago. Evidently he was in the fulness of health and enjoyed every moment. Appointed Consul, he returned to the Mikado's

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empire, reaching it at a time when the already century-old process of inward forces and tendencies toward revolution had been quickened by the presence of foreigners. He tells again the story of Shimonoseki—in which bombardment the Germans had no ships or men—the fall of the Yedo usurpation or shogun's government, and he also explains why he did not accept audience of the Mikado in Kioto when first granted, early in 1868. He feared the young Emperor could not control his fanatical subjects. His surmises of evil were fully justified when two patriots, filled with bigotry, and also with saké rich in fusel oil, ran amuck among Sir Harry Parkes's cavalry, and in five minutes had wounded eleven men and five horses. A trip in Yezo is most vividly described (for Von Brandt is a wide-awake traveller), as is likewise the first year of the new Japanese civilization, when Yedo became Tokio. After a run across America in 1871-72, he returned to Japan to take a very active part in forwarding German interests, though he was unable then, as before or afterwards, to carry out the scheme of Bismarck in behalf of German colonization and the purchase of the island of Formosa; the logic of events making that island first the subject of invasion and afterwards of possession by the Japanese. In 1873, in Tokio, he organized the German Asiatic Society, which has done such creditable work in investigation and publication. Of his appointment to China and his work there, another volume is expected to tell. It is rare, we imagine, that a diplomatist writes in the first person so frankly and engagingly.

The Sherbro and its Hinterland. By T. J. Alldridge, F.R.G.S. The Macmillan Company. 1901. 8vo, pp. xvi, 356. Maps and illustrations.

There is a special interest in the accounts which the builders of the British Empire occasionally give of their work, apart from any literary or scientific merit they may or may not have, for they are generally practical demonstrations of the best examples of governing savage or semi-civilized peoples. In this book the preliminary work of bringing a number of mutually hostile tribes to acknowledge one supreme authority, not by force, but by persuasion, is described. The Hinterland of the Sherbro, a district of Sierra Leone, was made some ten years ago a British protectorate, and Mr. Alldridge, the Commissioner, was directed to visit the principal chiefs and invite them to enter into friendly relations with his Government. This necessitated long and dangerous journeys into regions hitherto unvisited by white men, and demanding no little courage and endurance, as well as great patience and tact. His success in treaty-making and in winning the confidence of the chiefs was remarkable, and causes the reader to overlook the crudities of style and the frequent dulness of his account of these expeditions. The book is full of descriptions of the unexplored interior and of the distinctive manners and customs of its inhabitants; the more trustworthy as they are not the observations of a mere passing traveller, but of one who has spent thirty years in the Sherbro. He dwells upon the rich natural resources of the land, its palms, rubber-plants, and fruits, its rice, coffee, and cotton, and looks forward confidently to the day when, a profitable export market being provided, the native will be led to develop this wealth. Of mineral deposits he says nothing, but the fact that the chief currency among some of the tribes was long strips of iron would seem to indicate the existence of ore beds. The natives of the interior are represented as intelligent, naturally industrious, and as displaying much skill in the weaving and ornamenting cotton cloth and in making pottery. Some are very observant. A chief carrying a bright iron spear came close to a mariner's compass which was in Mr. Alldridge's hut and the needle immediately vibrated. The motion caught his eye and he asked its cause, and on the next day, at the end of a meeting at which a treaty was signed, requested that his people might be shown it.

"I had the compass brought, opened, and allowed the needle to become quiet. He requested as many of his people as possible to stand round while he, in the most dignified way, brought his spear near to the compass, when, of course, the needle was considerably excited. After the needle was again motionless, I told him to take a silver armlet from one of his wives and to touch the compass with it. He did so, when the non-movement of the needle caused a general look of surprise upon the faces of the people."

They hold political meetings in which they discuss public affairs

"with deliberate caution and great dignity. The whole debate, in fact, is carried on with the greatest quietness, ceremony, and politeness, and often filled me with profound amazement, and afforded me infinite pleasure. At these times it was difficult for me to realize that I was in a so-called uncivilized country—for certainly the manners of these parliamentary hands, in their abstaining from personal invective and recriminations, were polished to a very remarkable degree. It struck me forcibly that many a lesson might be gathered from the dignity, the courtesy, and the general friendliness which these tribes showed—not only towards a stranger, but in their every-day life towards each other."

Considerable space is given to an account of the secret societies which, before the establishment of British law, entirely ruled the natives, and are still of great importance, and an "enormous force both for good and evil." Mr. Alldridge describes their initiation ceremonies and many of their customs, but acknowledges that he has never succeeded in penetrating the inner mysteries, and is satisfied that no outsider knows what the secrets really are. An ordinance against one of the society methods was a principal cause of the insurrection of 1898, of which a brief account is given. Another was the suppression of the slave-trade, to which the incessant tribal wars were wholly due. To defend themselves against these raids, the natives surrounded their villages by war fences. These were (for they are now not allowed by the Government) live trees, the lower part being kept free from foliage, but interlaced with a rude lattice of long live canes that also sprouted, making a dense mass of vegetation from fifteen to twenty feet high, with a gate formed of a solid slab of hardwood. Every town had from two to four of these fences, and in one instance there were ten.

Mr. Alldridge gives a brief sketch of life in a coast town, and refers to the eagerness of the better class of natives for education. Many of the well-to-do among them have sent their sons to England to receive a thorough medical training, and these are "to-day duly qualified medical officers, holding high appointments in the Government service." In fact, there is not an official in his district who is not colored. His main object, however, is to inform his countrymen about this almost unknown part of the empire, the hinterland, and to interest them in the industrial development of its inhabitants. He also shows by many graphic touches the hard and self-sacrificing life of the English official among them. Two maps and numerous photographs, some of great beauty, illustrative of scenes and incidents or people mentioned in the text, add to the value and attractiveness of the volume.

The Tale of the Argonauts. By Apollonius of Rhodes. Translated by Arthur S. Way. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: Macmillan. 1901.

Apollonius adopted the epithet "Rhodian" out of gratitude for the generous welcome that met him in Rhodes when the stress of hostile criticism drove him from the cultivated court of Alexandria. Callimachus and his clique of pedants felt that an Alexandrian philologian who had ventured to write an epic of six thousand verses in the style of Homer had put himself outside the pale of their patronage. Indeed, the world of letters has never wholly revoked their verdict, for literary critics are rightly shy of a *tour de force* in poetry. To compare great things with smaller, it was like Mr. Le Gallienne rewriting FitzGerald's 'Omar,' though the parallel is unfair to Apollonius, because he actually succeeded in turning out a sort of masterpiece. He is always labelled with a qualifying phrase: Quintilian in his day said the poem flowed "with a sort of even mediocrity"; and Longinus, with the captiousness of the true critic, complained that Apollonius never makes a false step, whereas we all know that Homer nods. In all this faint praise there is much injustice. Virgil, at any rate, thought the poem good enough to plagiarize, and his admirers are prone to forget that the famous Dido episode is in parts a close imitation of the 'Argonautica,' while not a few of Virgil's oft-quoted similes are derived from Apollonius. In our own day he inspired the 'Life and Death of Jason.'

'The Argonauts' is not a great national poem like the 'Aeneid'; an Alexandrian living on the threshold of the mysterious East, Apollonius "heard it calling," and his fancy delighted to paint the savage scenery of the Caucasus, and the gloomy seas and lowering skies that attended the Argonauts to Colchis. It was as though he challenged himself to take up certain opportunities that Homer had let slip for moving and magical adventures in "perilous seas and faery lands forlorn." In his epic he shows the defects of his period and his school. The adventures are too successive, so that the poem tends to become a mere itinerary—a most thrilling one, it is true; but there is too much that is irrelevant to the working out of the drama, and there is a wealth of picturesque detail that is overflorid to a taste trained in the fine simplicity of Homer or the impressive outline manner of Virgil. The Alexandrians were at once very Greek and very modern. But even those who insist on the weaknesses of

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the poem as a whole must admit the unmistakable beauties of the Third Book, with its description of the passion of Medea. This is not the baleful Medea of tragedy, but a charming compound of *jeune fille* and sorceress. The 'Argonautica' is a love poem, and here we meet the Alexandrian attitude to women. The pathos of Medea's early love for Jason, so strikingly absent from Euripides, is a strong *motif* in Apollonius. Unfortunately, he did not end his poem with the taking of the fleece and Medea's flight; and so the return adventures, in which the less agreeable side of her character is emphasized, are inevitably an anti-climax.

There are two English verse renderings of Apollonius, long out of print; and since they were in the manner of Pope, we need not regret their scarceness. Mr. Way is well known for his excellent verse translation of the plays of Euripides, and he has all the equipment of the successful translator. But in choosing the sixteen-syllabled verses familiar to readers of William Morris's 'Sigurd the Volsung,' Mr. Way lighted on a most difficult medium. Even Morris could not avoid an awkward line now and again, and Mr. Way has by no means succeeded in giving the general effect of smoothness attained in 'Sigurd.' Sometimes the awkwardness is due to the shifting of the accent to an unnatural place, as is occasionally inevitable in this metre; but, from whatever cause, there is a heavy, tumbling effect about Mr. Way's version that is far from reproducing the "carrying-on-ness" of the Greek hexameter. We have too many such lines as

"So in sweetest communion did these try each the other's heart,"

or

"That, as he fought in the shock of the meeting ranks, he should have."

It is an athletic feat to read aloud several continuous pages of Mr. Way's translation. It is seen at its best in passages like the following, where Medea addresses Jason:

". . . 'So the golden fleece unto Hellas, if this be all,
From Aia afar shalt thou bear: oh yea, turn thou and depart,
Whithersoever it pleaseth thee; seek the desire of thine heart.'
She spake, and her eyes to the earth at her feet in silence she cast;
And her cheeks, divinely fair, were wet as her tears fell fast,
As she sorrowed because that far and afar from her side o'er the main
He must wander away. And she looked in his eyes and she spake yet again
With mournful word, and his right hand now hath she ta'en in her own;
For the shamefastness now from her eyes on the wings of love had flown:
'But, oh remember, if ever thou com'st to thine home afar,
Medea's name; and in like wise I, when sundered we are,
Will forget thee not.' . . ."

Apart from his metre, Mr. Way's translation is most successful. It is scholarly and well sustained, and will doubtless hold its place for some time to come as the best translation of the 'Argonautica.' It is got up in the charming and convenient style of the Temple Classics, and contains a useful epilogue on the life of Apollonius. It is a signal opportunity for those who are unable to read the original to make the acquaintance of a new type of epic, the Alexandrian, in which, true to the preoccupations of Alexandria, love plays the leading part.

Glories of Spain. By Charles W. Wood, F.R.G.S. Macmillan Co. Pp. xxiv, 498. 85 illustr. 1901.

Mr. Wood has invented a new *genre*. Genius from time to time has taken journeys more or less sentimental and whimsical in search of the picturesque, and has recorded its sensations and ideas in free creations of its fancy. Plainer-minded journeyers either recorded what they saw, or drew a large and clumsy bow in travellers' tales of what they did not see. But the creations of genius have no such crude ineptitude; they show what should have been seen from each mount of vision even though the stage was bare. They, like the god floating through the atmosphere of a Greek landscape or the siren voices heard on a wave-beaten shore, labor with Plato's poet to complete the broken round of nature and to give to it meaning and interpretation. But this precious ore, from Sterne to Longfellow, has lain in a single vein, and, like genius always, has refused a second working. There is only one 'Sentimental Journey' and one 'Hyperion.' For Mr. Wood it has been reserved to reduce this process of poetry to the reduplicating power of an automatic machine, and to have produced, so we gather from the advertisement, at least four books in this his own *genre*.

To judge from the present specimen, he is quite an artist in his way. Sterne might have come back from the shades to write some scenes, but it would have been a Sterne purified in purgatorial fires, his wantonness departed and with it his genius. At the opposite extreme, the whole book is steeped in the atmosphere of those "Annuals" which were the delight of the first half of the last century, precious yearly periodicals, by no means of protest, but of an elegant and dapper romanticism. So Mr. Wood works out his romantic progress through Spanish cities, meeting with more adventures than Don Quixote, and these more astonishing. The itinerary is brief; this is no clumsy traveller who rushes along and crams us with names. Entering Spain by its eastern wicket, the picturesque possibilities are developed of Gerona, Barcelona, Montserrat, Monresa, Lerida, Zaragoza, Tarragona, Poblet, Valencia, and Saguntum, few names in all, and in a mere corner and strip of the land. But the developing is well done. The towns open before us with separate and living personalities. The crowds or the solitudes in the streets, the churches and ruins are clear and distinct. With it all, too, goes the haze of illusion which is of Mr. Wood's art. He believes in human interest in his pictures and supplies it richly. Across his stage come priests, several of them—he confesses to a weakness for priests—and they are usually good; at least one bishop, who is hypnotized into a long history of himself, almost the only dull one in the book; a nun with a romantic tale; a boot-black of aristocratic descent, who, unlike the needy knife-grinder, has a story to tell us; a watchman; a veiled and mysterious lady, who begs and who also has a weakness for wine—this is managed well; a monk musician, or rather two of them, one of romantic presence after the fashion of the "Annuals," the other, an excellent other, dropped from pure romance—a hunchback playing Schumann, Bach, and Beethoven in an empty cathedral at midnight, by the light of a solitary candle; a most romantic old Canon—but who could not make romance out of a Canon of Spain with an old housekeeper who calls him "Canonigo"?—who lives in the most wonderful Dutch interior of a house, with copper pans and old oak carving (Mr. Wood has a knack for interiors); an architecturally inclined sacristan and his son; and, above all, donkeys—a wilderness of donkeys. Towards priests and donkeys lies Mr. Wood's penchant, and the donkeys are better than the priests. It is true that none is equal to Sterne's Ass—alone worthy of the capital, the only worthy ass in literature since those of Balaam and Sancho Panza; but one here, especially, which could appreciate the joke of being beaten, is full of excellent humors.

And the art in it all, if somewhat artificial and in need of concealment, is undoubtedly great. These figures are never allowed to obscure the stage on which they move. The towns, with their varying atmospheres and associations, are made more real by their presence and never overshadowed, as in some less careful progresses which we have seen of late. Mr. Wood keeps his puppets in order, and they go back to their box obediently when need is. In this he is much aided by the illustrations. However they are produced, and whatever is their ultimate basis, they are of singular beauty, and, what illustrations seldom do, they illustrate. But little separates some of them from the exquisite steel engravings which were the glory of the old-fashioned "Annuals" and which makes them still a prize for the collector. Only on two points would we entreat Mr. Wood to reconsider his method—it will be but to slip some cogs or levers in the machine: let us have less of the vapid sentimentalities of the "Annuals" and of Chateaubriand, and more of the solider humor of Sterne and Longfellow; and let him pose less as an inspirer of mysterious confidences from all sorts and conditions of men. The effect is always a strain, and it produces, in the end, artificiality to the point of absurdity. The ingenuity otherwise in his book is so great that he can surely accomplish this.

Finally, if it may seem to Mr. Wood that we have written of his book too trivially or flippantly, let him believe that it has been read with pleasure, and is now cordially commended for its refreshing novelty and graphic vivacity.

Camera Shots at Big Game. By A. G. Wallihan. Doubleday, Page & Co.

In this, as in a former book, 'Hoofs, Claws, and Antlers,' Mr. Wallihan has presented to the world the finest photographs ever taken of large wild mammals in their native haunts. On the present occasion his hunting ranges were in northwestern Colorado and western Wyoming, and his pictures include black-tailed deer, elk, antelope, mountain sheep, coyote, black bear, wild cat, and mountain lion. He caught his subjects fording, swimming, drinking, standing alert for danger, crouching at bay, grouped by hundreds, and posed singly for a portrait study. His skill and patient industry under difficult conditions are noteworthy. He says in his preface:

"The pictures have been made in the

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open country, outwitting the far-seeing antelope, or by riversides, while the author waited with bated breath the near approach of a bunch of deer. Again, the work has been done in the mountains where the fawns lay hidden, their mothers bounding away upon approach, where the fat bucks sought the shelter of the oak brush or lay out in a point of aspens that the sun might harden their horns, . . . or following the hounds in winter on the trail of a cougar over the hills and cañons of White River, or on into the bleak, wind-swept ranges of Wyoming, matching skill with the big-horn or the lordly elk."

His most thrilling "camera shots" were taken at mountain lions. Hunters treed the beasts with hounds, and then he used an eight-by-ten camera with wonderful success. In one case he caught a lioness in mid air, springing from a tree so near that she struck the ground within six feet of him.

The book contains an introduction by Theodore Roosevelt, which concludes thus:

"More and more, as it becomes necessary to preserve the game, let us hope that the camera will largely supplant the rifle. It is an excellent thing to have a nation proficient in marksmanship, and it is highly undesirable that the rifle should be wholly laid by. But the shot is, after all, only a small part of the free life of the wilderness. The chief attractions lie in the physical hardihood for which the life calls, the sense of limitless freedom which it brings, and the remoteness and wild charm and beauty of primitive nature. All of this we get exactly as much in hunting with the camera as in hunting with the rifle; and, of the two, the former is the kind of sport which calls for the higher degree of skill, patience, resolution, and knowledge of the life history of the animal sought."

The publishers have handled the illustrations unfortunately, inserting them at haphazard, and omitting several that are referred to in the text.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Amber, Miles. Wistons. Scribners. $1.50.
Bloomfield, Will. Transplanting an Old Tree. Isaac H. Blanchard Co.
Bosworth, Newton. Hochelaga Depicta: A History of Montreal. (Facsimile Reprints.) Toronto: Congdon & Britnell.
Burnett, Frances H. The Methods of Lady Walderhurst. Frederick A. Stokes Co.
Clay, Mrs. J. M. Frank Logan. Abbey Press. $1.
Coulevain, Pierre de. Eve Triumphant. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.20.
Coulon, Emile. Poetical Leisure Hours and Torontonian Descriptions. Stamford (Conn.): Emile Coulon.
Dame, L. L., and Brooks, Henry. Handbook of the Trees of New England. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Dennis, J. S. Centennial Survey of Foreign Missions. Fleming H. Revell Co. $4.
Drum, Blossom. A Dog-Day Journal. Abbey Press. 50c.
Dunning, W. A. A History of Political Theories, Ancient and Mediæval. Macmillan. $2.50.
Freear, R. L. The Shadow Dwellers. Isaac H. Blanchard Co.
Graham, Alexander. Roman Africa. Longmans, Green & Co. $6.
Harkness, Albert, and Forbes, C. H. Cæsar's Commentaries on the Gallic War. American Book Co. $1.25.
Haymond, Mrs. W. E. Agnes Cheswick. Isaac H. Blanchard Co.
Hörstel, W. Die Riviera. (Land und Leute.) Leipzig: Velhagen & Klasing; New York: Lemcke & Buechner. 4 marks.
Jones, H. C. The Elements of Physical Chemistry. Macmillan. $4.
Kidd, Benjamin. Principles of Western Civilization. Macmillan. $2.
Kovalevsky, Maxime. Russian Political Institutions. Chicago: The Chicago University Press.
Leffingwell, Albert. The Vivisection Question. New Haven: The Tuttle, Morehouse & Taylor Co.
Lewis, A. H. Wolfville Days. Frederick A. Stokes Co.
Londeregger, C. L'Achèvement du Canal de Panama. Paris: Vve. Ch. Dunod.
Lord, W. R. A First Book upon the Birds of Oregon and Washington. Portland (Ore.): W. R. Lord.
Matthews, Brander. Pen and Ink. Scribners. $1.25.
Miller, William. Mediæval Rome. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.35.
Norris, Zoe A. The Color of his Soul: A Novel. Funk & Wagnalls. $1.
Payne-Westbrook, Henrietta. The West-Brook Drives. Peter Eckler.
Rose, J. H. The Life of Napoleon I. 2 vols. Macmillan.
Savile, Frank. Beyond the Great South Wall: The Secret of the Antarctic. New Amsterdam Book Co. $1.50.
Schmauk, T. E. Bible Geography for Schools. Philadelphia: General Council Publication House.
Sharpless, Isaac. A Quaker Experiment in Government. Philadelphia: Ferris & Leach. $1.50.
The Social Evil, with Special Reference to Conditions Existing in the City of New York. (Report of Committee of Fifteen.) G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25.
Underhill, A. F. Valid Objections to So-called Christian Science. Edwin S. Gorham. 25c.
Williamson, Carolin C. Mary Starkweather. Abbey Press. $1.50.
Winston, N. B. The Grace of Orders. Abbey Press. $1.
Young, Hudson. Father Manners. Abbey Press. $1.

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